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The PURCHASE PRICE

by EMERSON HOUGH

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sephine pushed herself back against
head board of the bed, half sup-
ted by pillows. With her free hand
attempted to put back a fallen
k of dark hair. It was not care for
personal appearance which animat-
her, however, although her costume,
anged by her maid, now was that of
sick chamber. "Jeanne," she said,
to the armoire, yonder. Bring me
at you find there. Wait," she add-
to Dunwody. "I've something to
w you, something to ask you, yes."
eanne turned, over her arm now the
and worn garments which Sally
ler had attempted to remove.
What are these?" exclaimed Jose-
ne of the man who stood by.
e made no reply, but took the faded
s in his own hands, looking at them
iously, as though he himself saw
ething unexpected, inexplicable.
What are they, sir? Whose were
y? You told me once you were
ne here."
I am," he answered. "Look. These
years old, years, years old."
What are they? Whose were they?"
reiterated.
They are grave clothes," he said
ply, and looked her in the face. "Do
wish to know more?"
Is she—was she—is she out there?"
knew she meant to ask, in the
veyard of the family.
Why do you wish to know?" he in-
red quietly. "Is it because you are
oman?"
I am here because I am a woman.
ll, then."
He looked at her, still silently, for a
e. "She is dead," he said slowly.
an't you let her lie dead?"
No. Is she out there? Tell me."
No."
Is she dead? Who was she?"
I have told you, I am alone here. I
ve told you, I've been alone, all my
until you came. Isn't that
ugh?"
Yes, you've said that; but that was
the truth."
It depends upon what you mean by
truth."
The man who could do what you
ve done with me would not stop at
ything. How could I believe a word
said?" Then, on the instant, much
she had cause to hate him, she half
gretted her speech. She saw a swift
sh spring to his cheek under the thin
id skin. He moved his lips, but did
speak. It was quite a while before
made reply.
That isn't just," he said quietly. "I
uldn't lie to you, not even to get
. If that's the way you feel about
, I reckon there couldn't, after all,
much between us. I've got all the
s and faults of the world, but not
t that one. I don't lie."
Then tell me."
No. You've not earned it. What
uld be the use, if you didn't believe
at I said?"
He held up the faded things before
eyes, turning them over calmly,
king at them directly, unshrinking-
She could not read what was in
mind. Either he had courage or
g accustomedness, she thought.
I asked Sally," she half smiled.
Yes?"
And I'll ask her again. I don't want
can't have, a—a room which be-
gs to another woman, which has be-
ged to another. I've not, all my life,
en used to—that sort of place, my-
f, you see."
You are entitled to first place, Madam, wherever you are. I don't know
at you have been." He pointed to
r own garments, which lay across a
air. "You don't know what she has
en;" he indicated these that he held
his hand. "Very well. What could
mere liar, a coward, do to arrange an
derstanding between two women so
ysterious? You sprang from the
th, from the sea, somewhere, I do
know how. You are the first wo-
an for me. Is it not enough?"
I told Sally, it might have been a
ter, your mother—"
Dead long ago. Out there." He nod-
d to the window.
Which?" she demanded.
He turned to her full now, and put
a hand, touching the coverlid tim-
ly almost. "You are ill," he said.
our eyes shine, I know. It's the
ver. It isn't any time now for you to
lk. Besides, until you believe me, I
not talk with you any more. I've
en a little rough, maybe, I don't
ow; but as God made this world,
ose trees, that sun yonder, I never
id a word to you yet that wasn't
ue. I've never wanted of you what
asn't right, in my own creed. Some-
mes we have to frame up a creed all
r ourselves, don't you know that?
he world isn't always run on the
me lines everywhere. It's different,
places."
Will you tell me all about it—about
r, sometime?"
If you are going away, why should
ou ask that? If you are going to
nothing to me, in all the world,
hat right have you to ask that of
e? You would not have the right
ve had in speaking to you as I have.
hat was right. It was the right of
e. I love you! I don't care if all
e world knows it. Let that girl
ere hear if she likes. I've said, we
long together, and it seems truth to
e, the very truth; yes, and the very
it itself. But some way, we hurt
ch other, don't we? Look at you,
ere, suffering. My fault. And I'd
ther it had cost me a limb than to
e you hurt that way. It cuts my
art. I can't rest over it. And you
urt me, too, I reckon, about as bad
anything can. Maybe you hurt me
ore than you know. But as to our
hts to anything back of the curtain
at's before us, before your life and
ine, why, I can't begin until some-
ing else has begun. It's not right,
less that other is right, that I've told
u. We belong together in the one
y way, first. That's the premise.
hat's the one great thing. What dif-
rence about the rest, future or
ast?"
You've not been much among wo-
en," she said.
Very little."
You don't understand them."
I don't reckon anybody does."

"Jeanne told me that she heard, last night, a child crying, here in this house."

"Could it not have been a negro child?" He smiled at her, even as he stood under inquisition.

She noticed that his face now seemed pale. The bones of the cheeks stood out more now. He showed more gravity. Freed of his red fighting flush, the flame of passion gone out of his eyes, he seemed more dignified, more of a man than had hitherto been apparent to her.

"Non! Non!" cried out Jeanne, who had benefited unnoticed to an extent undreamed hitherto in her experience in matter delicate between man and maid. Her mistress raised a hand. She herself had almost forgotten that Jeanne was in the room. "Non! Non!" reiterated that young person. "Eet was no neegaire child, pas de toue, jamais de lo vie! I know neegaire voice. It was a voice white, Madame, Monsieur! Apparently it wept. Perhaps it had hunger."

A sort of grim uncovering of his teeth was Dunwody's smile. He made no comment. His face was whiter than before.

"Whose child was it?" demanded Josephine, motioning to the garments he still held in his hand. "Hers?" He shook his head slowly.

"No."

"Yours?"

"No."

"Oh, well, I suppose it was some servant's—though the overseer, Jeanne says, lives across the fields, there. And there would not be any negroes living here in the house, in any case?"

"No."

"Was it—was it—yours?"

"I have no child. There will never be any for me in the world—except—under—" But now the flush came back into his face. Confused, he turned, and gently laid down the faded silks across a chair back, pulling it even with the one where lay Josephine's richer and more modern robes. He looked at the two grimly, sadly, shook his head and walked out of the room.

"Madame!" exclaimed Jeanne, "it was divine! But, quelle mystere!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The Invasion.

Dunwody joined Jamieson below, and the latter now called for his horse, the two walking together toward the door. They hardly had reached the gallery when there became audible the sound of hoof-beats rapidly approaching up the road across the lawn. A party of four horsemen appeared, all riding hard.

"Who're they?" inquired the doctor. "Didn't see any of them on the road as I came in."

"They look familiar," commented Dunwody. "That's Jones, and that's Judge Clayton, down below—why, I just left both of them on the boat the other day! It's Desha and Yates with them, from the other side of the county. There must be something up."

He advanced to meet the visitors. "Good morning, gentlemen. Light down, and come in."

All four got down, shook hands with Dunwody, gave their reins to servants, and joined him on his invitation to enter. Jamieson was known to all of them.

"Well, Colonel Dunwody," began the Honorable William Jones, "you didn't expect to see us so soon, did you? Reckon you'd ought to be all the gladder.

"You live here, my dear Colonel," he continued, looking about him, "in much the same state and seclusion remarked by Mr. Gibbon in his immortal work on the Decline and Fall of Rome—where he described the castles of them ancient days, located back in the mountainous regions. But it aint' no Roman road you've got, out thar."

"I was going to remark," interrupted Judge Clayton, "that Colonel Dunwody has anticipated all the modern requirements of hospitality as well as embodied all those of ancient sort. Thank you, I shall taste your bourbon, Colonel, with gladness. It is a long ride in from the river; but, following out our friend's thought, why do you live away back in here, when all your best plantations are down below? We don't see you twice a year, any more."

"Well," said the owner of Tallwoods, "my father might be better able to answer that question if he were alive. He built this for a summer place, and I use it all the year. I found the place here, and it always seemed too big to move away. We set three meals a day, even back here in the hills, and there's quite a bunch of leaves we can put on the table. The only drawback is, we don't see much company. I'm mighty glad to see you, and I'm going to keep you here now, until—"

"Until something pops open," remarked the Honorable William, over the rim of his glass. Dunwody's neighbors nodded also.

Their host looked at them for a moment. "Are you here on any special errand—but, of course, there must be something of the sort, to bring you two gentlemen so close on my trail."

"We met up with these gentlemen down at the river," began Yates, "and from what they done told us, we thought we'd all better ride in along together, and have a little talk with you. Looks like there might be trouble in these parts before long."

"What sort of trouble?"

"It's this-a-way," broke in the Honorable William Jones. "The jedge an' I laid off at Cairo when you-all went on through. Next day, along comes a steamer from up-river, an' she's full of northern men, headed west; a damned sight more like a fightin' army than so many settlers. They're goin' out into the purairie country beyant, an' I think it's just on the early-bird principle, to hold it ag'inst settlers from this state. They're a lot of those damned black abolitionists, that's what they are! What's more, that Lily gal of the jedge's here, she's got away agin—she turned up missin' at Cairo, too—an' she's taken up with this bunch of Yankees, an' is mighty apt to git clar off."

Judge Clayton nodded gravely. "The whole north is stirred up and bound to make trouble. These men seem to have taken the girl in without hesitation. They don't intend to stand by any compromise, at least. The question is, what are we going to do about it? We can't stand here and see our property taken away by armed invaders in this way. And yet—"

"It looks," he added slowly, a moment later, "just as Thomas Jefferson said long ago, as though this country had the wolf by the ear, and could neither hold it nor let it go. For myself—and setting aside this personal matter, which is at worst only the loss of a worthless girl—I admit I fear that this slavery wolf is going to mean trouble—big trouble—both for the south and the north, before long."

"Douglas, over there in Illinois, hasn't brought up anything in congress yet that's stuck," broke in the every-ready Jones. "Old Caroliny and Mississip—them's the ones! Their conventions show where we're goin' to stand at. We'll let the wolf go, and take holt in a brand new place, that's exactly what we'll do!"

Dunwody remained silent for a time. Doctor Jamieson took snuff, and looked quietly from one to the other. "You can count me in, gentlemen," said he.

Silence fell as he went on. "If they mean fight, let them have fight. If we let in one army of abolitionists out here, to run off our property, another will follow. As soon as the railroad gets as far west as the Missouri river, they'll come out in swarms; and they will take that new country away from us. That's what they want.

"The south has been swindled all along the line," he exclaimed, rising and smiting a fist into a palm. We got Texas, yet, but it had to be by war. We've been juggled out of California, which ought to have been a southern state. We don't want these deserts of Utah and New Mexico, for they won't raise cotton. When we try to get into Cuba, the north and all the rest of the world protests. We are cut off from growth to the south by Mexico. On the west we have these Indians located. The whole upper west is air-tight abolitionist by national law. Now where shall we go? These abolitionists are even wedging in west of us. This damned compromise line ought to be cut off the map. We ought to have a chance to grow!"

Strange enough such speech sounds today—speech demanding growth for a part of the country, denying it for the whole, speech ignoring the nationalist tendency so soon to overwhelm all bounds, all creeds in the making of a mighty America that should be a home for all the nations. But as the gray headed old doctor went on he only voiced what was the earnest conviction of many of the ablest men of his time, both of the south and the north.

"The south has been robbed. We paid our share of the cost of this last war, in blood and in money; we paid for our share in the new territory won for the Union! And now they deny us any share of it! A little band of ranters, of fanatics, undertake to tell a great country what it shall do—what it shall think—no matter even if that is against our own interests and against our traditions! Gentlemen, it's invasion, that's what it is, and that's my answer, so far as my honest conscience and all my wisdom go. It's war! What's the next thing to do? Judge, we can take back your girl—the legal right to do that is clean. But we all know that that may be only a beginning."

"To me, sir," ventured Judge Clayton, "the legal side of this is very clear, leaving aside our right to recover my property. They are trying to shove their fanatical beliefs down our throats with rifle barrels. We never used to stand for that sort of thing down here. I don't think we will begin it now!"

The Honorable William Jones helped himself to whisky, altogether forgetting his principle of taking but one drink a day. "If them dammed abolitionists would only stay at home, we could afford to sit quiet an' let 'em howl; but when they come into our dooryards an' begin to howl, it's time somethin' ought to be did. I 'low we'll have to fight."

"We will fight," said Dunwoody slowly and gravely. A faint picture of the possible future was passing before his mind.

"What boat are these men using?" asked Dr. Jamieson, turning to young Desha.

"Little old scow named the Helen Bell. She can't steam up-stream a hundred miles a week. She ties up every night. We can easy catch her, up above St. Genevieve, if we ride fast."

"That looks feasible to me," remarked Judge Clayton, and the others nodded their approval.

Judge Clayton dropped into a seat, as he replaced his glass on the nearest table. "By the way, Colonel Dunwody," said he, 'there was something right strange happened on the Vernon, coming down the Ohio, and I thought maybe you could help us figure it out. There was another disappearance — that extraordinarily beautiful young lady who was there—you remember her? No one knew what became of her. When I heard about that Lily girl's escape, I sent my men with the two bucks on down home, with instructions for a little training, so they would not try the underground again right soon.

"Now about that Lily girl," interrupted the Honorable William Jones, who had once more forgotten his temperance resolutions.—"But hello, Colonel, what's this, wha-a-at's this?"

He picked up and exposed to view a small object which he saw lying on the hall floor. It was a small pin of shell and silver, such as ladies somtimes used for fastening the hair.

"Somehow, I got the idea you was a bachelor man," went on the Honorable William cheerfully. "Thought you lived here all alone in solitary splenjure; never looked at a woman in your whole life in the whole memory of man. But, looky-here, now, what's this?"

Dunwody, suddenly confused, could only wonder whether his face showed what he really felt. His guest continued his investigation.

"An' looky-there on the table!" pointing where some servant apparently had placed yet another article of ladies' apparel, dropped by accident, a dainty glove of make such as no servant of that country ever saw, much less used. "Come now," blithely went on the gentleman from Belmont. "Things is lookin' might suspicious, mighty suspicious. Why didn't you tell us when you-all was married?"

A sudden start might have drawn attention to Judge Clayton, but he controlled himself. And if a slight smile assailed his lips, at least he was able to suppress it. Nothing, however, could suppress the curiosity of the able student of Roman history. "I'll just take a little prowl around," said he.

He was rewarded in his search. A little hair pin lay at the first step of the stair. He fell upon it with uproarious glee.

"Trail's gittin' hot," said he. "I reckon I'll go on up."

"No!" cried Dunwody suddenly, and sprang to the foot of the stair. "Please!—that is—" he hesitated. "If you will kindly wait a moment, I will have the servants put your room in order for you before you go up."

"Oho!" cried the Honorable William. "Don't want us to find out a single thing! House o' mystery, ah, ha! Doctor here, too! Tell us, anybody died here today?"

Doctor Jamieson answered by quietly stepping to the side of Dunwody. Judge Clayton, without comment, joined them, and the three edged in between the exhilarated gentleman and the stairway which he sought to ascend.

"I was just saying, gentlemen," remarked Judge Clayton quietly, "that I was sure it would give us all much pleasure to take a stroll around these beautiful grounds with Colonel Dunwody."

He looked Dunwody calmly in the eye, and the latter knew he had a friend. He knew perfectly well that Judge Clayton did not for an instant suppose that these articles ever belonged to any servant. On the contrary: it was possible he remembered where and in whose possession he had seen them before. But nothing more was said about the beautiful young lady of the Mount Vernon.

"You have a beautiful place here, Colonel Dunwody," said Clayton carelessly, casting an arm over the other's shoulders and leading the way to the front door. "It reminds me of our old family home back in Virginia. Come, gentlemen; let us have a more careful look at so well-chosen a locality. It is improved—improved, gentlemen, as well as it originally was chosen. But look at those hills!"

To Be Continued.

The Burial of the Maine

With the smoke of the saluting guns as a funeral shroud, the old battleship Maine, whose sinking in the mystery of explosion and the waters of Havana harbor changed the destiny of two nations and gave birth to a third, was reinterred March 16, 1912, with solemn rites.

Shepherded to her final resting place in the Gulf of Mexico by a cordon of battleships of a new and prouder generation, whose smoking guns, saluting the resuscitated remnants of an honored ship, was her funeral shroud, the Maine was consigned to the waters with all the pageantry and pomp of national mourning. Her decks hidden beneath hundreds of floral wreaths, a burden of honor whose weight she bore with added majesty because of the grim evidences of disaster in her aspect, the Maine was towed to the gulf, escorted by warships of the United States and Cuban navy. The salutes of the Cabanas fortress reverberating in her empty, quivering hold, she was borne majestically away from the scene of her martyrdom in the cause of liberty to find a reward, a permanent resting place of honor—and forgetfulness.

On the parapets of old Moro, the spot where the Spanish sentry on the night of February 15, 1898, saw the Maine go to her death, stood in parade the troops of the garrison. They remained at the soldier's attitude of respect—attention—until the cortege had passed out of the harbor. The Cuban national emblem and that of the United States were flung to the breeze from sunrise to sunset.

When the cortege reached the burial ground, which is about nine miles from Havana harbor, the North Carolina and Birmingham stood to, the officers and men of those vessels being at parade. The chaplain of the North Carolina offered prayer, after which there was a silent tribute of one full minute.

Then came the end. The bulkheads were opened in the Maine and she was allowed to sink in 60 fathoms of water, about 600 feet. As she settled the guns of the North Carolina and Birmingham boomed over the historic and beloved hulk, the doxology on the North Carolina trumpeter's bugle was sounded.

As she sank beneath a merciful sea, her country's flag, to whose sway she added imperial power, flowed triumphantly above her stricken flower-strewn decks and was the last thing seen as the waters closed over her.

Ashore, more elaborate honors attended the transfer of the bodies of the gallant sailors of the Maine to the United States gunboat, North Carolina, to be brought to Washington for burial. Followed in the procession by the high dignitaries of Cuba and a vast concourse of all classes of Cubans and American citizens, the dead were borne on the shoulders of Cuban sailors through the streets of Havana. Cuban infantry lined the sidewalks on which a great multitude reverently uncovered, the bodies passed from the mortuary chamber of the palace to the side of the harbor.

There they were formally placed in the custody of officers of the United States navy, in the service of which they had given their lives.

As the caskets were borne out a guard of honor saluted, and all along the line the salute was continued until the procession reached the harbor. Hundreds of wreaths and crosses and other floral emblems were placed on the coffins. At the harbor itself stood a guard of honor of Spanish-American war veterans, and facing these was another guard of honor of Cuban soldiers.

American Speech Improving

A DISCUSSION of the American speaking voice by one of the best American singers, Francis Rogers, of New York, appeared in a recent Scribner's and gives both hope and admonition to the American reader. The writer finds that the climate has nothing to do with the faulty American utterance of voice. The crudities are due to habitual carelessness and neglect. The American voice is at least as beautiful as that of any other nation and, most of all, the writer finds that the English language is not the least beautiful, interesting and effective medium of expression, but has really more of these qualities than the languages so long acclaimed as the musical ones. Italian, from its very smoothness, simplicity of vowel and lack of consonants, is monotonous; French is, of course, nasal and lacks depth and richness; German is guttural and its consonants are crowded too close together for beauty, while English seems to have all the good qualities of all these languages and none of their defects. Here is patriotism indeed and a bit of opinion in these days of talk about singing in English which is worth consideration by teachers and students of song.

He notes how many beautiful voices there are in American oratory, and advises conscientious application to the product of beauty in vocal utterance and diction—that is enunciation and poise of tone—as the only means to correct our national crudity and carelessness. Training in the public school has in the past tended to encourage what is harsh and unpleasant by forcing children's voices in various ways and the present effort at school toward better things should be more and more persistent. Just as the use of good English in writing and choice of sentence-structure, both in writing and speech is seriously aimed at, so the correct and beautiful tone and diction should be one of the most important objects of the school teaching.

Will Shakespeare's Grave Be Opened?

The latest Baconian enthusiast in England proposes to open the grave of William Shakespeare, at Stamford, in order to compare the skull to be found there with the portrait in the Folio of 1623. Although Shakespeare's widow and daughters desired to be buried in the same grave, fear of the "curse" was so strong at the times of their respective deaths that the wardens of the Stratford Church would not consent thereto.

Thackeray is responsible for a tale about an aged sexton of that church, who told him he had looked into the bricked vault of the poet's tomb—owing to the opening of a grave adjacent—and saw only dust. In other words, he saw nothing. That story is probably responsible for a wide belief that Shakespeare was not buried at Stratford.

Readers are familiar with the "curse" upon the tomb. The wording runs thus, in capitals and small capitals:

Good Friend for Jesus SAKE forbear,
To digg T-E Dust EncloAsed HE.R.E.
Bless be T-e Man t'y spares T—Es Stones
And curst be He t'y moves my Bones.

As Knight pointed out, it is very remarkable that the stone containing this extraordinary inscription does not bear the name of Shakespeare! It is supposable that the slab over that grave (whomsoever may have been laid beneath it) was put in place soon after the funeral; but the monument upon the church wall was not erected until 1623—the year of the First Folio.

Charles Knight and Thomas De-Quincey boldly maintained that Shakespeare never wrote the doggerel on that slab, but that it was the work of the stone mason engaged to prepare the more elaborate monument. Knight believes the monument maker did this to protect the sanctity of the grave until the monument could be put in place. De Quincey wrote: "It was a sort of appeal to future sextons—worthy of the grave digger or the parish clerk, who was probably its author."

There is no reason why the tomb should not be opened. The skull ought to be in existence and probably the larger bones. Even should the head conform to that in the Folio of 1623 and the face to the mask, made after death, one fails to see how any additional light will be cast upon the much-discussed Bacon - Shakespeare controversy.

THE ANOMALY OF HISTORY

Once Kings Demanded War, Now It Is the People.

Guylielmo Ferrero in Figaro.

History often takes delight in frustrating, with unexpected surprises, the forecasts and calculations of men. For a century and a half Europe has been trying to take away from kings the right to wage war or make peace. Whole libraries have been written, and philosophy, law and history have been laid under contribution to prove that this privilege of theirs had been the chief cause of the wars which had drenched Europe with blood.

And now see what we have come to: Sovereigns and governments have become peaceful everywhere; but the people are becoming warlike.

One is tempted to say that if in former times the people had to fight for the pleasure of kings and governments, the time is approaching when sovereigns and governments will be obliged to wage far for the pleasure of the people.

Solomon as a Devil Exterminator.

Flavius Josephus A. D. 37-100.

Solomon left behind him the manner of using exorcisms, by which they drive away demons so that they never return; and this method of cure is of great force unto this day; for I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Eleazar, releasing the people that were demoniacal, in the presence of Vespasian and his sons and his captains and the whole multitude of his soldiers. The manner of the cure was this: He put a ring that had a root of one of those sorts mentioned by Solomon, to the nostrils of the demoniac, after which he drew out the demon through his nostrils; and, when the man fell down immediately, he adjured him to return no more—making still mention of Solomon, and reciting the incantations which he composed. And when Eleazar would persude and demonstrate to the spectators that he had such power, he set a little way off a cup or basin full of water, and commanded the demon, as he went out of the man, to overturn it, and thereby to let the spectators know that he had left the man; and when this was done the skill and wisdom of Solomon were shown very manifestly.

Chinese in Cuba.

Havana Post.

There are close to 12,000 Chinese in Cuba and the census of 1907 recorded the fact that 40 Chinese women were inhabitants of Cuba. Before Cuba became a republic it cost every Chinaman who entered $2 to get his entrance ticket. Now Cuba bids him welcome with little expense.

He has to furnish a photograph of himself and stand inspection much as a man entering a penal institution. The system employed by Chief Mencocal is similar to the one used at all United States ports.

The Chinese legation is always represented at the immigration office when Chinese come and go, so that a double check is placed on the travelers from the Far East.

Invisible Airship.

Chicago Tribune.

Baron Adam Roenne, a well known airship and naval engineer, has taken out a patent in England for an invisible airship. Invisibility is to be achieved by making the outer case or envelope of chromium, a metal possessing a highly polished surface, which will be permanently maintained by means of a covering of transparent varnish.

The outer cover will thus to all intents be converted into a mirror, and invisibility will be achieved by reflection. The baron claims that there will be no recurring shade shown at the bottom of the keel, as it is proposed that the latter shall taper to a point. The airship will then always take the color of the surrounding elements, and though larger than the biggest liner will be invisible at any height above about 2,500 feet. Special silencing devices will also be used for the engines.

Most Meteors Are Consumed.

Harper's.

It is now well understood that visible meteors, so-called shooting stars, consist generally of small bodies circulating in space and becoming ignited when attracted within the limits of the earth's atmosphere. It may surprise some, however, to be told that, in the opinion of the best meteorologists, the greater number of these bodies are so minute as probably scarcely to exceed a single ounce in weight, and that they consequently become entirely consumed before they can reach the surface of the earth, the larger ones alone resisting the wasting process of combustion.

Many Abandoned Churches

"Seventeen hundred churches are reported to have been abandoned in Illinois within the last 10 years. Perhaps a thousand churches are on the inactive list in Missouri, and a proportionate number in Kansas and Iowa."

These startling statistics, made in a talk by President Henry J. Waters, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, before the Bible Institute of the Congregational Church in Topeka, have startled the church people of Kansas.

Dr. Waters declared that "doubtless many of these abandoned churches represent misdirected denominational enthusiasm and are churches that should never have been built, and which from the outset were doomed to die. The facts are that the church has not held its own in the rural districts."

Dr. Waters expressed a sentiment that is taking root in scores of communities in Kansas. In the early settlements of the state every little village and town struggled to keep up two or three church organizations and maintain as many church buildings. Beginning with this year, a dozen small towns have turned to the unionization of these churches. This sentiment was cemented among the membership of all churches through union revival services, in which the local ministers and choirs joined. In every one of these towns the people are pleased with the new plan, and one preacher is ministering to all the church members who formerly separated into two or three little denominational flocks. The growing movement will see in another year 1,000 abandoned churches in Kansas. As many preachers will be put out of the business, but the churchgoers say it will be simply a question of the survival of the fittest among the preachers.

"One educated minister to every 600 to 1,000 souls is all we can afford and we work him to death and starve his family," Dr. Waters said. "Is it any wonder that the attendance in the theological seminaries is continually falling off in number and in quality, while in the schools of engineering and agriculture and other so-called productive occupations the attendance has doubled on an average of once every ten years? And yet, who dares to say that having our young men and young women carefully instructed in the basic principles of moral uprightness, individual and social, is of less importance than is instruction in the things that will serve to keep them out of the almshouses?"

What will become of the abandoned country churches in Kansas is a question that is being discussed. Already they are mentioned as suitable for stockbarns, and farmers and stockmen are considering their purchase as soon as the struggling congregations decide to give them up. In a half-dozen communities in the state such negotiations are being considered.

In a few of the older settlements of Kansas there are country churches that were built nearly 50 years ago that have been abandoned for 10 years except for an occasional meeting of the sect that erected it. Fifty years ago some of the church organizations bitterly opposed the use of the organ in the church. Two or three buildings still stand in northeastern Kansas into which it would be impossible to place an organ or piano. They were constructed to prevent this very thing, for the doors through which the worshippers entered are so narrow that these musical instruments could not be gotten into the buildings.

Naturally, the younger generation did not believe in this narrow idea, and they deserted these churches for others that offered better musical and other attractions. The automobile, too, has contributed to the plan of church union, for the Kansas farmer can now convey his family to church 10 miles away with more comfort and ease than he formerly could hitch up a team and drive three miles to a country church. Generally, Kansas farmers and their families are attending church in the towns and cities where pipe organs, pianos and orchestras add to the interest of the services. The automobile is causing the people to abandone the country churches.

The Vanity Box

by ALICE STUYVESANT

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"I was going to ask if you knew what terms they were on. Now, if you tell me a few more hings of this sort, I may relly be able to save you from being summoned as a witness.

"I don't mind repeating as much as I can remember of that conversation," said the old woman, "though I can't recall the exact words. But to explain how I overheard, I must mention that Mr. Barr's house was no more than a cottage, and an inconvenient old cottage, at that. My room was over his sitting and dining room, and my only way of getting down stairs was to pass through it. A little narrow stairs led down directly into that room, and close by was the kitchen door. Any one talking in a fairly loud voice down stairs, I was bound to hear, up above, if I happened to be there; though mumbling would not reach my ears. Well, after I washed the lunchen things, I used generally to go to my room for a bit of a rest, if there was time, and to get dressed; for you see, Mr. Barr seldom or never had people coming to see him at that time. One day, I'd got off my frock and slipped into a dressing-gown for a ten minutes' snooze before changing into my afternoon dress, when I heard Mr. Barr come in from out of doors, bringing somebody with him. There was a woman's voice, but as I'd never heard her speak before, I shouldn't have known it was Lady Hereward if he hadn't called her by name.

"'I have come here to see you because I want to talk to you alone,' says she. Those were the first words I caught, and he answered: 'Come indoors, then, Lady Hereward.' I thought of making it known to them that I was in my room; but it would have been awkward for Mr. Barr, and as he ought to have remembered how it was my habit to be there at that time of day—it was about 3 o'clock—I said to myself it wasn't likely there'd be any talk between them which they'd mind my hearing. It would only be business that Lady Hereward wanted to discuss, thinks I, with her husband's steward.

"In a few minutes I knew better; but it was too late then. If it would have been awkward caling out at first, it would have been ten times as bad then, for every one concerned.

"'Mr. Barr, I want you to tell me where my maid is,' says her ladyship, sharp and short, mentioning the French girl's name, which I can't pronounce.

"'Liane,' suggested the detective, who was well primed in every detail of the Hereward case.

"'I can tell you nothing whatever about her,' says Mr. Barr in an angry, surprised voice.

"'You know very well where she is!' says Lady Hereward. And to that Mr. Barr wouldn't make any answer. His keeping silence threw her ladyship into a rage, and it was then she told Mr. Barr exactly what she thought of him. She'd been against Sir Ian engaging him as steward, or having him about the place in any capacity. It was 'most unsuitable,' to her idea, and she'd warned her husband, said she, that it would turn out badly. But he would have his way, out of 'mistaken kindness of heart,' and now see the consequences! 'Bad blood will out, like murder!' said her ladyship. Those words do I remember. And little did she dream then she'd be murdered herself! Mr. Barr took that as an insult to his mother, and he just about ordered her ladyship out of the house. 'I'm your husband's servant,' said he, 'but this is my house while I'm in his employ, and no one shall defame my dead mother under my roof while it's still mine.'

"Did Lady Hereward go when he said that?" inquired the detective, greatly interested in this story, which he could have heard from no other living person than Ian Barr's housekeeper, save Ian Barr himself.

Not she. She stopped where she was and insulted him more. 'Put me out by force, if you choose,' says she. 'You'd be equal to that, I dare say; but unless you do, I won't go till I've finished telling you what I think. You're a villain,' says here ladyship. 'You made that poor French girl love you. Then you turned to another and very likely drove her to death.'"

"I deny it absolutely,' said Mr. Barr. 'It is shameful that I should be obliged to deny it. Does Sir Ian believe this against me?"

"'I will make him believe,' says my lady. And then she was beginning something about Miss Verney, a young person Mr. Barr was engaged to marry. But that was too much for him. 'Stop!' he shouted. 'I won't stop!' cried her ladyship. 'Very well, then, I'll go and leave you to babble calumnies to the four walls,' says Mr. Barr—or words like those. And he must have gone instantly, for I didn't hear his voice again. About five minutes afterward a door slammed; so what I supposed was Lady Herewald waited a bit thinking he might change his mind and come back, or else she rummaged about to find papers which might explain what had become of the French girl; and then she got discouraged and went away. It was the same day Mr. Barr warned Sir Ian to look for another steward."

"That is most important," said Gaylor, "and you have told the story well; nobody could have done better. You see, I've taken down everything you've said," and he held up his notebook, several pages of which were filled with shorthand jottings. "Now, to trouble you just a bit more, and then I've finished. Do you know whether Mr. Barr had a key to the View Tower in Riding Wood?"

The old woman looked thoughtful. "There was a big key that lay on his desk at one time," she replied. "I don't know what it unlocked, but it certainly wasn't any door in the house. And that's what it was like; a door-key. I noticed it lying on the desk one morning, when I was dusting, and wondered where it came from. It had an old-fashioned sort of shape, yet for all that it seemed to be quite new. It lay there for a bit and then it disappeared again, never to come back. I don't know what Mr. Barr did with it after that."

"How long was this before he gave up the stewardship?" asked Gaylor.

"I can't say exactly, but several weeks at least," returned Miss Maunsell.

The detective took a key from his pocket. (He was not a man to neglect anything.) "Was the key on Mr. Barr's desk at all like this one?" he inquired.

The housekeeper examined it gingerly. "Exactly like, if I remember right," she answered.

"Was Lady Hereward killed in the Tower?" the woman wanted to know.

"Yes," said the detective.

"That looks rather queer against Mr. Barr, hating her as he did." Miss Maunsell reflected aloud. "Well, well, if he has committed a murder, the sooner it's brought home to him the better, say I. I wouldn't put out my hand to save a brother, if I had one, from justice, so be that he was guilty."

"Had Barr a revolver?" Galyor asked.

"Oh, yes; he used to keep it in a drawer of his writing desk. Not that I was one to pry; but he didn't try to hide the thing. Sometimes the drawer was left half open, and I couldn't help seeing what was in it when I was putting the room to rights."

At this, the detective produced a small, new revolver. It had been obtained for this very purpose; that it might be shown to the late housekeeper of Ian Barr. The bullet which had killed Lady Hereward had been extracted from her dead body, and another exactly like it had been found embedded in the wall of the Tower room. As yet, it had not been discovered by whom these cartridges had been sold or bought, nor had the revolver been found, despite diligent search. But the bullets exactly fitted the weapon purchased and brought to Yorkshire by the detective; therefore, it stood to reason that the missing revolver was of the same calibre and of more or less the same description.

"How does this strike you?" he asked Miss Maunsell.

She did not shrink away foolishly as many women do at sight of a weapon.

"That's about the size I should say," she remarked. "And it's very like, too; but Mr. Barr's wasn't so shiny and bright as that.

"What became of the revolver when he went away?"

"That I can't tell, because I went before he did. He was to leave a few hours later."

"Well, was the revolver in the drawer when you left?"

"So far as I know. I hadn't seen the drawer open for some days, and he packed for himself, but I suppose it was still there. I don't suppose he took it out."

"Did Miss Verney ever call at Mr. Barr's house?"

"Once, when she'd been walking with him, and was caught in a storm, she came in and had tea. Mr. Barr says to me: "Miss Maunsell, I've brought in the young lady I hope will be my wife some day—Miss Verney. Please give us the nicest tea and toast you can'; which I did. Other times I used to see Miss Verney occasionally, passing. Perhaps she'd speak to Mr. Barr at the gate, or come for a minute or two into the garden; but never did she show her face our way. I'm sure, after the day that French girl disappeared. Whether she believed anything against Mr. Barr or not, I dont' know; but so it was."

"Mr. Barr never said anything to you about Liane?"

"He would have known better."

"Nor about his reason for leaving Friars' Moat?"

"Not a word. But coming on top of

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N. L. HUGGINS,
Welch, Ark.

Personally appeared before me this 20th of September, 1909, N. L. Huggins, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

W. A. PAGE, J. P.

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what I'd overheard, I could make a pretty good guess."

"Well, then, that's all I need trouble you about," said the detective, shutting up his note-book. "And I'll do my best to see you're not summoned to the inquest; but of course I can't promise."

"Anyhow, I shan't go," snapped Miss Maunsell.

CHAPTER XIX.

A surprise was awaiting Gaylor when he returned from Harrogate and handed in his report. A gunmaker in London had called at Scotland Yard and stated that he had sold a Smith & Wesson revolver, calibre .32, with a box of cartridges, to Ian Barr in the month of August, two years before the tragedy in Riding Wood. The man, whose name was Jonas Salles, and whose shop was in the Strand, was in a small way of business, and had no assistants except his young son, who had but lately been taken from school to serve customers, while the father was laid up after a slight operation. This operation had been upon the eyes, and Salles had been kept in a dark room for a fortnight. During this time he heard no news from the outside world, and his son, who had no great interest in life except sport, paid no particular attention to the details of the Hereward murder. On his recovery, seeing the name of Mr. Ian Barr in connection with the affair, the elder Salles remembered the name, consulted his books, and found the purchase of the weapon and cartridges recorded.

This was a strong piece of evidence against Barr, and together with what Gaylor had learned from Miss Maunsell, things began to look black against the wanted man. All the evidence so far was purely circumstantial, but there was a good deal of it, and it was necessary that Sir Ian Hereward's late steward should be found before the inquest, which had been adjourned again for a fortnight in the hope of unearthing him at home or abroad.

"Cupid" Gaylor had done rather well in the case so far, and he meant to do still better. He had a rooted idea that, if he had been on the spot immediately after the tragedy, the murderer would be already in the hands of the police; but it would be still a greater score if, after others had done their best in vain, the brilliancy of his detective talent should throw light into dark places.

No objection had, or could have, been made to the going abroad of Col. Sir Ian Hereward, or Miss Verney; but they were both pledged to return for the inquest in a fortnight's time. After that, it would depend upon circumstances, over which those two important witnesses might or might not have control, whether they left England again immediately, or remained there.

Meanwhile Scotland Yard did not intend to lose sight of the ex-officer and the late companion of his murdered wife. Sir Ian's movements were more or less "under observation," but it was considered essential to observe those of Miss Verney more minutely. A young man, a friend of Gaylor's, with some French blood in his veins and a perfect French accent at the tip of his tongue, was detailed to "shadow" the young lady. He was to follow her everywhere; to know what visits she received and what excursions she made; and as the English police was in touch with the French, the post-office authorities wherever she went would be accommodating. This espionage was to be conducted in such a way, however, as to leave the girl under the impression that she was free as air until her return to England for the inquest.

As a matter of fact, she had expected and feared that she might be watched, and though Miss Ricardo's arguments were consoling, Nora had determined from the first to be ceaselessly on guard. She felt that eyes would be upon her always; yet for certain reasons the prospect of going to France, of all countries, filled her with joy. She would be careful; nevertheless, a thing which she desired greatly to happen might somehow happen, without bringing harm to any one, but only good.

The dreaded word "police" was constantly in her mind, yet the "police" was for the girl a vague, looming monster, Argus-eyed, and with the many hands of a Briareus. She did not think of separate entities; and though Nora was aware that a detective had wormed from little Poppet Barnard information which had brought Kate Craigie and her footman-lover into ugly prominence, it did not occur to her that the same man might assume vast importance in her own life. If she had heard Gaylor's name at the inquest in connection with Poppet, she had forgotten it, and all her fears as well as her hopes were for the moment transferred to France. With Miss Ricardo she stopped in Paris for one night only, and then went on to Chamounix. The quaint little place, with its vast white background of Mont Blanc, was beautiful to them both—to Terry, who had lived for years in India; to Nora, who had never been out of England—and they stayed there two or three days longer than they had intended. But this change of plan was not wholly on account of their delight in Chamounix. Terry had the idea of driving by pleasant stages to St. Pierre de Chartreuse; and, having received an answer to a letter posted in Paris, Nora Verney asked a great favour of Miss Ricardo. It was largely because of the granting of this favor that the two were delayed in Chamounix; and meantime Gaylor was exceedingly busy at Riding St. Mary.

He arrived there the day after his return from Harrogate, and made no attempt to disguise the fact that he was a detective, engaged upon the business which filled the minds of every one in the neighborhood. But he did try, with his agreeable manner and pleasant looks, to hypnotize people into the belief that detectives were not the repulsively cunning creatures pictured in penny fiction.

He looked like a good natured, happy boy, and it was his metier to impress upon all those with whom he associated that he was precisely what he seemed, and no more. His dimples and blue eyes were worth a great deal to him, in creating this impression; and soon the villagers and peasants of the neighborhood began to regard it as a huge joke that such a jolly youth as Gaylor should be a member of the London police force. They liked talking with him, and spoke out their opinions and theories more freely than they would to a person whose age and dignity they had need to respect.

The first thing that Gaylor did on coming down to pursue his investigations near Riding St. Mary, was to go straight to the Home Farm of Riding Wood and call on Mrs. Barnard. It was about tea time, and Tom Barnard was in the house. Both looked at the detective with cold disapproval, as he presented himself at the door, for they recognized him at once as the man who had cajoled their little girl, behind their backs, into making statements which had got friends of theirs into trouble. They had seen him on the second day of the inquest, when Poppet's evidence had been taken; and now Tom's first words, gruffly spoken, were: "Well, what's up now, Mr. Detective?"

"I've come to tell you that I'm sorry if you think me a sneak," said Gaylor frankly. "I had to do it, you know. Once you're in my line, it isn't what you like doing, but what it's your duty to do. And now I've been sent down here again, to see what I can find out."

"You've found out all there is to find out in this house," replied Rose, quite sharply for her.

"Oh, I know that," "Cupid" assured her. "It isn't business that's brought me to you, though it has to the neighborhood. I want nothing more nor less than to make my peace with that dear little girl of yours. I thought she was just about the best thing in the shape of a child I'd ever seen. Look what I've brought her—with my humble apologies for the past, and hopes of making up for it in the future.

Then he opened a long box wrapped in paper, which he had been carrying under his arm, and revealed to the eyes of Rose and her daughter Poppet such a doll as few country-bred children have ever seen.

It lay asleep in its box, its golden head on a silk pillow trimmed with lace. Not only had it real hair, waving and curling to its waist, but the dark eyelashes on its shut lids were real, too. Its smiling red lips were slightly open, showing several tiny, even, white teeth, and as Gaylor lifted it up, at the same time manipulating some spring or string hidden under the dress of pink silk, muslin and lace, it said "Papa," "Mamma," as it opened large brown eyes.

Poppet, who had not dared to speak to the "nice grown-up" whom she had heard reviled by her family, could not restrain a cry of wonder and delight. Even Rose gave a little unsophisticated "Oh!" of admiration for the Parisian beauty; and when the detective held out the box and doll to Poppet, as a peace offering, she had not the heart to deny the child the possession of such a treasure.

The little girl, lost in joy, clasped the glorious beauty to her bosom, and Gaylor's appealing, dimpled smile chased all animosity from the breasts of father and mother. It was true, as he had said, he had acted in the pursuance of duty, and he did appear to be a kind-hearted, agreeable young fellow. He was enchanted with Poppet's pleasure, and vowed again that this time he had no "ulterior motives." He was so engaging and boyish, that Rose offered him tea, and both she and Tom enjoyed the chat into which he drew them, without their knowing that they had been drawn. He told the Barnards that he would have to remain in the country for some time, very likely till the inquest came on again, and asked their advice, in a simple, friendly way, as to lodgings. At present he was staying in the village inn, but it was hardly worthy the name of inn, and he was not very comfortable. Where would Mrs. Barnard advise him to apply?

Rose mentioned several cottages where lodgers were occasionally taken in the summer, but there was some objection to each one, the most desirable rooms being already occupied. At last, when the list was exhausted, Gaylor ventured: "I suppose you couldn't possibly have me here? Any sort of room would do for me, and I'd promise to make as little trouble as possible. I've taken the greatest fancy to Poppet, and to the place, and I should be as happy as a cricket in any corner you could give me. Besides, Mr. Barnard being a friend of Sir Ian Hereward's, you might both feel as though in a way you were helping the police on in their search for the murderer, if you allowed one of them to do his duty from your house. I should have some good games with little Miss Poppet here, in my spare moments.'

"Oh, shouldn't I love to have you live in our house!" she exclaimed. "You'd play with me, and tell me stories, wouldn't you?"

"That I would; and I know some grand stories, too," Gaylor boasted. "Mrs. Barnard, do say 'yes.'"

And somehow, Rose did eventually say "yes," why, she hardly knew, any more than Tom knew why he did not object to the decision. The young man certainly had a way with him!

That same evening, the detective became a member of the Barnard's family circle. His "corner" was a pleasant, oak-beamed room, with dimity-curtained, diamond-paned windows. His meals he took with the Barnards, and was so gay and good-natured that no one less grim than Diogenes could have hardened his heart against him. He was always ready to help Rose, when Tom was engaged in farm work, or to take Poppet for a walk in the woods, a pleasure Rose had no time to give the child on most days, until after the tea hour. Catechisms after these excursions assured Poppet's mother that the "nice grown-up" had been putting no more sly questions, but that, instead, the child's companion had told her fairy stories, or taught her how to spell words and do amusing little sums in arithmetic. Even Poppet's unfriendly little fox terrier, which invariably barked at strangers, and had objected to Gaylor, as to everybody else, on his first appearance, yielded to the charm, and became the detective's devoted adherent. Jacky made the third in all the woods walks, and enjoyed himself hugely, nosing into rabbit warrens and other private dwelling-places of retiring forest folk. To any one who had watched these excursions with curiosity, it might have seemed that there was some method in them. The young man took the child and the dog a different walk each day; and the walks were in concentric circles, leaving very little ground in the woods uncovered. Whenever Jacky excited himself over a rabbit-hole or other object of interest, Gaylor was all sympathy. If the fox terrier were inclined to dig, "Cupid" helped him, telling a fascinating tale to Poppet the while; the story of a fairy Jacky had seen disappearing into a burrow, having hastily assumed the form of a bunny — or some other fancy alluring to an imaginative little being like Margaret Barnard.

One morning, not very far from the top of the hill where the View Tower stood, the emotional Jacky bored his sharp nose, in a state of great nervous excitment, among the garled roots of a tree, exposed by the cutting away of thick masses of bracken, which had been done by order of the police immediately after the murder of Lady Hereward.

No creature less enefgetic and keen of scent than a fox terrier would have suspected the existence of a rabbit-hole under the low arches of the beech tree's gray roots, but Jacky was certain of its existence, and Gaylor encouraged his, as usual!

"Good dog! Have him out!" he cried, as Jacky wildly clawed, and pawed, and nosed his way through the labyrinth of root-barriers. "He knows," the young man explained to Poppet, "that a stolen fairy treasure-chest has been buried there by a wicked gnome, for fairies talk to dogs in dreams. Now, I'll just see if I can reach that treasure-chest with my hand."

"You've never found anything of the fairies yet," Poppet said, reproachfully, "except some of their jewels, which they'd turned into stones before you touched them."

"Even those are better than nothing," argued Gaylor, "and you never know what you'll have the luck to come across next time.'

"I'm always afraid, when you stick your hand into places like that, that a snake will jump out and bite you," said Poppet.

To Be Continued.

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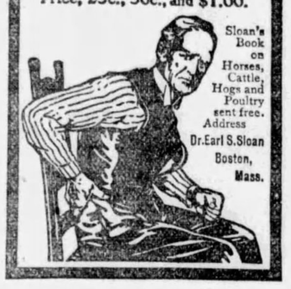

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer.

I would like to know how to break my chickens of eating feathers. I feed them ground bone every day, and quite frequently meat scraps. Yet some of them keep picking the feathers off themselves and other fowls.—E., Cambridge, Ohio.

Will some reader tell me how to prevent ground moles from digging up the lawn? My lawn is plowed up every spring by the animals.—M., Addison, Pa.

Will someone who is interested in this department please tell me how to plant peanuts and full particulars as to their cultivation?—C., West Union, W. Va.

HENS EATING EGGS

To cure hens of eating eggs, take cayenne or red pepper, steep and make a mush. Fill an egg shell with the hot mixture and place before the hens. When they get a taste of this they will be cured of eating eggs.—S., Edinboro, Pa.

NON-BEARING PEAR TREES

I see where P., Sharon, Kan., wants to know how to make his pear trees bear fruit. He says that they bloom but no fruit appears. It is my idea that the trees need iron, so the best way to make them bear would be to drive three or four big rusty nails in each tree. This remedy has been tried and found satisfactory.

COWPEAS

The cowpea problem has been pretty thoroughly worked out at the Kansas experiment station. It has there been determined that when cowpeas are to be used for pasture or hay the seed should be sown broadcast or in a drill, in which case the rows should be 6 to 12 inches apart. In such a case no cultivation can be given and it will require from four to six pecks of peas to sow an acre in this way. It has been found that the grain drill when set to sow one and one-half bushels of wheat per acre will put on just about the right quantity of seed.

It goes without saying that the ground for this crop should be well prepared in advance. It is advisable to stir the surface early in the spring and to continue this from time to time in order to destroy two or three crops of weeds and to conserve moisture. Planting should not be done until the soil is reasonably warm. Ordinarily the planting should not be done before the first of June.

For seed production cowpeas should be planted in rows, so that an opportunity is given for cultivation. A grain drill may be utilized by stopping up part of the seed cups, so as to plant the rows anywhere from three and one-half feet apart, after which the drill should be set at the rate of two bushels of seed per acre. Under these conditions the seed may be dropped two or three inches apart in the rows. When the crop is put in according to this plan it may be cultivated with either a one-horse or two-horse cultivator, and if the crop is to attain a maximum growth the surface must be frequently stirred in order to check weeds and to conserve moisture.

As the result of our own experience with cowpeas we can advise no man to take up the growing of this crop extensively in the beginning. In the first place, the seed is usually high in price and in the second place, as the crop is a legume, it does not make a satisfactory growth unless the organisms that cause nodles to grow on the roots are present.—James Atkinson in Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

HORSE RATIONS

The way in which the rations are dealt out to the farm work horse is a matter as important as is the character of the feeds contained in the rations. The stomach of the horse is a comparatively small organ, the average capacity being three and one-half gallons, while that of the cow has a capacity of 55 to 60 gallons.

The horse's stomach, moreover, consists of a single compartment, whereas the cow's stomach consists of four compartments, which enable her to store up a large amount of half-chewed food to be worked over a second time, later while she is at rest, in a process known as rumination or cud chewing. The horse does not ruminate or chew cud. The construction and size of his stomach is such that when he takes his food he must at once chew and masticate it so thoroughly that its digestion may be completed in the stomach and intestinal tract without further preliminary preparations.

Obviously, then, the horse is poorly adapted to consuming large quantities of coarse feeds such as hay, straw and fodder, for he has neither the stomach capacity to accommodate them nor the time during seasons of hard work in which to properly consume them in amounts sufficient to provide necessary nutrients to keep up his condition, health and energy.

At the Utah experiment station it was found that though 20 pounds of alfalfa hay per day proved sufficient to maintain the weights of horses weighing nearly 1,400 pounds when they were at rest, 32.62 pounds or about all that a horse could eat per day and accommodate in its stomach, was barely enough to maintain their weights when they were at heavy work.

Further than this a great difference was noted by the teamster in the life of the team; upon grain they had always shown considerable spirit, but soon after they were deprived of the grain it was found necessary to urge them frequently to do even the slow work required of them at ordinary farm labor.

This is easily accounted for from the fact that the digestive organs of the horses were taxed to their limit and the entire energy of the horses was consumed in the process of digestion.

SELECTING TREES

It is entirely possible to tell by the foliage, buds, branches and habit of the trees whether they are of a certain variety, but it is just as possible to tell by the looks of a tree whether it will be fruitful as it is to tell by the looks of a hen whether she can lay 200 eggs in a year. It can only be found out, too, by waiting and watching the record when the tree comes into bearing, or it can be presupposed with reasonable accuracy, by knowing the ancestry of the tree. Its ability to reproduce the desired characteristics can then be estimated.

Years ago nurserymen realized the importance of selecting their propagating wood from fruitful trees, but the planter did not, and to supply the planter with cheap trees it has been necessary for the nurserymen to grow trees that cost little to produce. But the planter is rapidly coming to the place where he realizes the importance of setting out trees that come of trees of known bearing habits.

From what we know of the habits of fruit trees, it is reasonable to believe that buds from trees that have records of producing big crops regularly will make trees that reduce crops similar in size and regularity to their parents. Unfortunately we can only assume this possibility now, as there is very little experimental data to prove or disprove this assumption.

We have been spending our time in breeding fruit trees for the purpose of getting new varieties. Professor Bailey said, some years ago, "It is of no consequence either to produce or introduce a new variety; but it is of immense consequence to produce a line of plants having superior efficiency for some specific purpose. Plant breeding is worthy of the name only as it sets definite ideals and then works towards them with predictible assurance. Merely sowing seeds to see what will turn up is not very different, so far as the probability of results are concerned, from the throwing of dice. It may be worth while to produce a new variety of potato by raising new plants from the seed balls; but it is much more to the point to argument the mealiness of some existing varieties or to intensify their blight-resisting qualities. It may be worth while to have another large red apple, but it would be much more worth while to have one of better quality to export.—E. H. Favor, Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

CONCERNING SOIL

In accumulating moisture in the subsoil deep plowing is the principal factor. In winter fallowing for moisture the plow which throws up the highest ridges is the best. The rough land not only helps to catch the snow, but also to thaw it and absorb it quickly. If the winter fallow is not plowed it should be disked until the surface is thoroughly loose, and in windy exposures should be back-furrowed every 20 feet, running the furrows across the path of the blizzards to catch the snow and prevent it from blowing off.

The time to level up and mulch the winter fallow is as soon as the frost is out of the ground, for at that period evaporation becomes more rapid. In the states where torrential rains prevail our cultivation, our summer fallowing and especially our plowing must be done with an eye to the accumulation of moisture as well as its conservation.

In California, after the rainy season is over, the summer fallowing may be cultivated with the harrow and a good dust mulch created, but east of the Rocky mountains this would be the worst possible procedure to catch moisture.

An inch of rain in 30 minutes will penetrate a dust mulch not more than an inch; land rough tilled with the corn cultivator three to four inches, land specially prepared with the disk four to six inches. This special preparation with the disk is nothing more than disking and cross disking without lapping.

When the disk is set to cut deep it leaves a hollow trail four to five inches higher at the edges than in the middle; by cross disking we get hollow squares which will hold an inch and sometimes two inches of water until it all soaks in.

When the ground slopes the last disking should be across the slope.

In order to catch as much moisture as possible in the corn field the cultivation should not be beautiful and smooth, but as rough as possible; three furrows to the row, which should always run across the slope. When this is properly done one storm in July or August is often sufficient to mature a crop, but when reliance is placed on smooth cultivation the corn will often continue to wilt even after several storms.

THE WINTER COLT

The colt that must stand the storms of winter on a poor ration will come through thin in flesh and wobbly legged. If he never makes a first class horse he may not be to blame. Stunted the first winter may mean stunted for life. There is no doubt, but that blood will tell in horses, but man can starve that blood until it is hardly able to tell any thing but a story of bad treatment.

When the colt is weaned at the age of six or seven months he comes to a critical period in his life. Whether he shall make a profitable horse or not depends on the treatment he receives. While suckling he has no doubt learned to eat grass, hay and grain. When he is taken away from the mare he must subsist on a grain and hay ration alone. If he is allowed only what he has been getting, the deprivation of the milk from his mother will cause him to lose flesh. Although he may not have received much milk from the mare the last month of the lactation period it has been very rich and nourishing.

Therefore, it is necessary when weaning the colt to give it a liberal ration of grain and hay. As the colt's digestive organs are not as strong as those of an older horse the grain should be ground. Bran, oats and corn chops mixed to a proportion of one-third each will be splendid feed for the colt. A quart and a half at a feed will be a fair ration if plenty of good hay is given. Clover, alfalfa and timothy mixed will furnish a variety of roughness for him. It is advisable to keep plenty in his manger most of the time.

THE VICIOUS HORSE

One day while in a neighbor's barn I saw a big, well-built 3-year-old gelding, which immediately appealed to me. Inquiring the price, I was told that I could have the horse for $75, but no explanations were offered. I took the animal, and on hitching him up found that he was docile enough until he made up his mind to balk, and then he had a peculiar trick of lying down and breaking the pole. His independence and conceit were superb. Like most balky horses, punishment was of no avail.

I handled him carefully and kindly, and got him so he would pull a buggy nicely on a good road, but any slight pull would find him with all four feet braced against the ground. To overcome this I hitched him to a small load with another horse. I then drove them along behind an empty wagon to which a good, strong, dependable team was attached, and a log chain connected the collar of my balky horse to the rear of the wagon in front of him.

At the first grade the gelding braced his legs, while the others walked on at their usual pace. Or course a sudden jerk was the result and the gelding found himself unmercifully dragged along. After several lessons of this sort, in which each jerk was accompanied by a sharp cut of the whip, taught the independent gentleman that he was no longer his own master, and he began to pull and mind the whip when touched with it. In a short time he became absolutely dependable, and today is one of the most prized possessions, and I have already refused offers of $275 for him.

During the past summer I came into possession of a young mare whose prime fault was kicking. She kicked her stall down, kicked when hitched up, and kicked when an attempt was made to clean her off. Her one ambition seemed to be to kick at anything or everything within her reach.

For her first lesson I tied her in a box stall with ropes from each side, so that it was impossible for her to swing around or jump into the manger. Then armed with brush and a rawhide whip I proceeded to teach her the rudiments of equine politeness.

I stroked her lightly and caressingly with a brush, and she seemed to enjoy it for a moment or two, but suddenly from force of habit both hind feet were shot out like a flash. A long clean cut of the whip along the side was a surprise, but the brush kept right on as if nothing had happened. About 20 minutes or such treatment brought results, and after several days the mare could, with reasonable caution, be curried without any trouble, and not only that, but when hitched up a touch of the whip would take all notion of kicking out of her head, and in several months she became quite trustworthy.—J. H. Murphy, in Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

THE CARE OF A LAWN

The preparation of a lawn or yard is the first consideration. It should be filled or terraced, as the situation may require, leveled and heavily fertilized, as it can never be plowed and cultivated again. After thorough tilth and fertilizing comes the planting.

Bermuda is best from little bits of sod, say two inches square, dropped every two or three feet apart in regular rows and lightly covered with dirt or pressed into the ground by a heavy roller, which is better than regular watering throughout spring and summer. The mesquite can be set the same way from the sod and about like Bermuda.

The annual blue grass seed can easily be transferred to lawn from most any common, and once started will soon cover a lawn and can be grown with Bermuda or mesquite as a winter lawn, when the frost kills them down. By this combination we have an all-round green lawn.

Texas blue grass, although strictly a winter grass, can be used on lawns all the year by the aid of mower and water. This grass grows larger than the Kentucky blue grass, but makes equally as thick sod under proper conditions. Its chief merit consists in that it will grow anywhere, on rich or poor soil, in any locality except overflow river bottoms. When left to make its own fight for life it takes a sleep during the months of July and August, but if stimulated with mower and sprinkler it grows right along, remaining green the year around. Its deep green foliage, contrasting with the lighter tints of the Bermuda, the almost universal lawn grass, always causes the beholder to pause and seek information about it.

Col. A. W. Patterson planted a lawn of it in Muskogee, Okla., and next year sent to me for more sets to plant another, as his was so beautiful he hated to disturb it to get sets, although he had plenty from the increase on his first lawn, and, I think, stated that he planted the first lot 18x12 inches apart.

This grass has stood the cold of 32 degrees below zero in Oregon and Montana and 110 above in Florida. I have glowing reports of it from Australia, Honolulu and have also shipped it to South Africa. As a lawn and grass it heads the list, in my humble opinion.

Now a word in conclusion: Remember every time a lawn is mowed you are destroying the vitality of the sod. True, it gets its nourishment from the ground or soil on which it grows, but each mowing is just so much waste and nothing returned. You cannot plow or spade, therefore you must, in order to keep the lawn in good condition, every fall give a good top dressing of some good fertilizer, such as well-rotted barnyard manure or its equivalent. This should be raked evenly over the entire surface of the lawn and the winter rain will do the rest.—G. H. Hogan, in Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

INCUBATOR INSTRUCTION

The beginner and the incubator certainly have a right to a share of attention just now, as the season is fast approaching when much actual work along these lines must begin.

Many operators set aside a retired portion of one of the living rooms of their house in which to locate their incubator. One friend of ours, and a very successful poultry raiser, established hers in an upper room where the seed corn was stored, but quite a universal sentiment is expressed in favor of the cellar, where no jars or drafts can affect and an even temperature is so easily maintained.

One feature pertaining to a hot water incubator which makes it more desirable than a hot air machine lies in the fact that in case any accident should happen to the lamp the hot water will hold up the temperature much longer than if only hot air is depended upon.

Each manufacturer is continually experimenting, seeing well to it that no money or skill is left unemployed to perfect even the most minute attachment that might in any way make the machine more perfect or more easily understood.

Each incubator has a book of instructions which carefully outlines all the operations connected with the machine, and it is very important for the beginner before putting eggs in his incubator to most thoroughly understand both instruction book and machine.

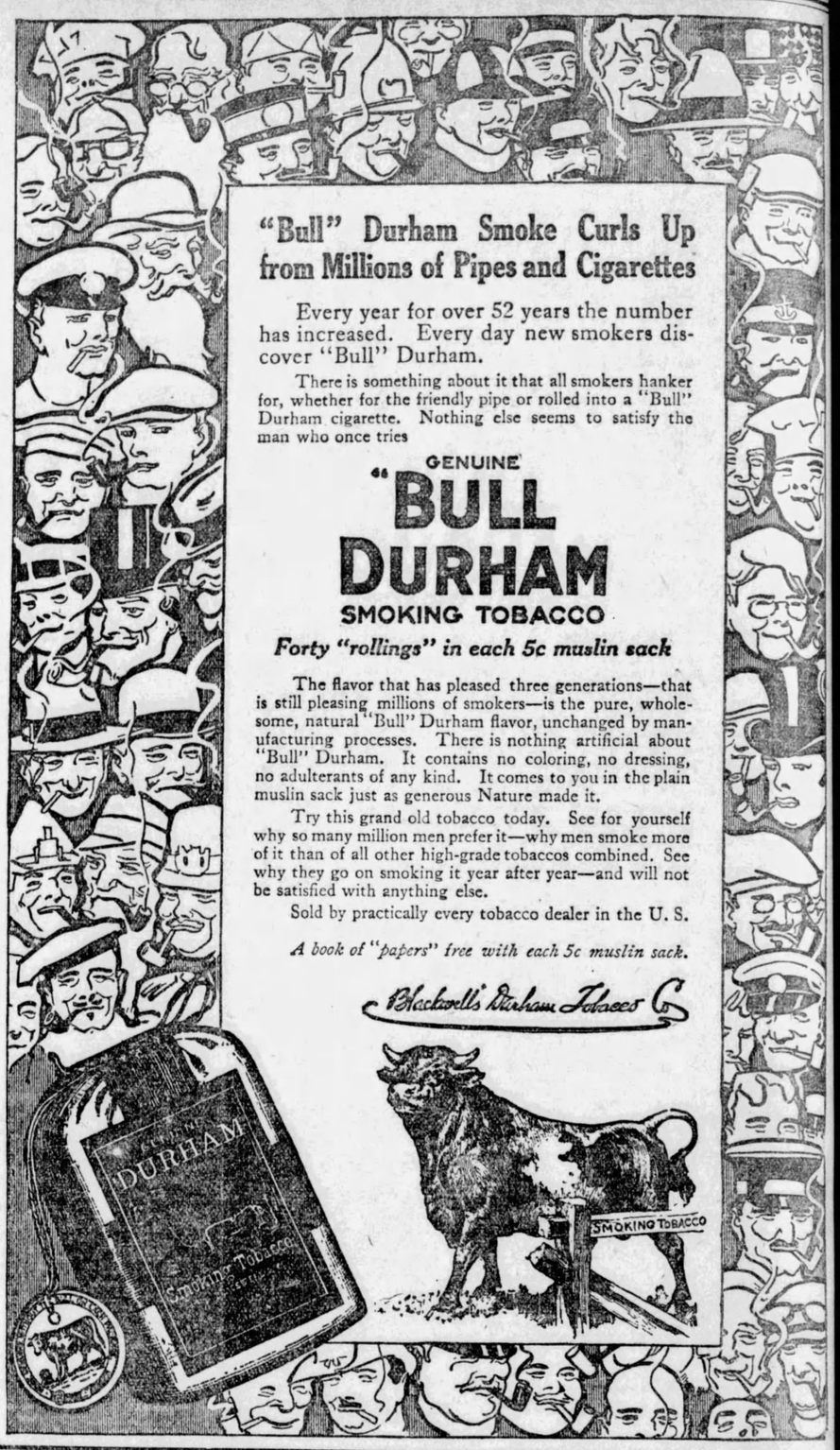
TROUBLES WITH CHURNING

At this time of the year conditions often arise which make the churning of cream on the farm a difficult matter. Cows are usually well along in their period of lactation and are upon dry feed. The effect of both of these conditions is to make many kinds of fat, each having a different melting point. When the cow is fresh and upon pasture or other succulent food the fat in the milk consists of a large proportion of the soft fats, which unite easily into butter upon agitation in the churn.

Practically all cases of difficult churning can be readily overcome by methods of handling. Ripening the cream to a higher degree of acidity and churning at a little higher temperature will overcome most of these cases. Cream at this time of the year is often allowed to sour at too low a temperature and is kept too long before churning. It should be ripened at a temperature of about 70 degrees and when it has developed a clean, sharp acid taste it should be churned. A thermometer is almost a necessity in getting cream ready for churning. The temperature at which to churn cream will vary with conditions, but for this time of the year it should probably not be below 60 degrees.

When thick cream is put into the churn at a low temperature the agitation may cause it to incorporate bubbles of air which make the cream swell and froth and behave as though it were beaten. It cannot be churned in this condition, but must be warmed gradually several degrees and the churning started again. This can be done by a little lukewarm water added directly to the cream or by warming the cream from the outside. Too much water should not be added or difficulty in churning will result from the thinness of the cream.

Sometimes, when the churning temperature is low, no frothing will result, but the formation of butter seems to stop just short of the breaking point. The difficulty is overcome by slightly warming the cream or by adding a little dry salt.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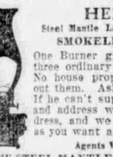
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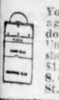
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Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

Lately we have received many inquiries as to why some of the questions are not answered in this department. A large percentage are not answered because to do so would be against the rules of the Bureau. Here we want to call the attention of the reader to the rules which are printed every week at the head of this column and advise him to read them carefully before asking a question. We also wish to state that there is a very large number of questions asked every week and we do all that is in our power to answer them, but are obliged to take them in their turn as they are received at this office. Sometimes it is four weeks after receiving a question before its turn comes to be answered. Some readers request that we answer a question the next week. This we are unable to do, as the Bureau of one week is in the printer's hands ten days before it appears in the paper.

SINGLE TAX

I would like an explanation of the single tax in the Question Bureau.—W. H. M., Lebanon, Ohio.

The fundamental idea of the single tax system is that all taxes ought to be levied on land, considered apart from houses, buildings of other kinds, and even improvements like fences, orchards and vines, and that such taxation should be equal to the full rental value of the land. This means that the state should deny the validity of private property in the soil, on the ground that man cannot make land, never did make it and has no equitable title to any of it for private and exclusive ownership, though he may be permitted sole occupation and use as long as he pays to the public every year as much as anyone would give for the privileges which he enjoys. This fundamental principle leads inevitably to many subordinate doctrines, such as the public ownership of mines, street and steam railways, telegraph lines, etc., and whatever property is in the nature of things either a natural monopoly or dependent upon the exercise of extraordinary rights in acquisition, as when a railway company condemns private lands against the will of the owners, for right of way, or which demands exclusive control and occupancy on a great scale and for semi-public purposes, as in the case of common carriers.

NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA

Will the bureau give a description the natural bridge of Virginia?—F. B., Nelson, Pa.

The natural bridge is in Rockford county, Va., 115 miles west of Richmond and 160 miles southwest of Washington. It is distant by stage road from Lexington, the capital of the county, 14 miles. It is situated at the extremity of the deep chasm in which flows the little stream called Cedar creek, across the top of which, from brink to brink, there extends an enormous rock stratum, fashioned into a graceful arch. The bed of the stream is more than 200 feet below the surface of the plain, and the sides of the chasm, at the bottom of which the water flows, are composed of solid rock, maintaining a position almost perpendicular. The walls do not seem to be waterworn, but suggest the idea of an enormous cavern, that in remote ages may have been covered by the continuation of that stratum of which all that now remains is the arch of the natural bridge. A plumb line dropped from its center down the vertical face of the rocks swings clear at the depth of 40 feet. Towards its sides this regularity increases with a graceful curve, as in an artificial structure. Its breadth is full 60 feet and the stone is a highly silicious limestone, extremely hard to break, formed in massive blocks and strata, with no evidence upon its weathered surface of a tendency to decompose and crumble away. It is thus apparent that the insignificant little stream, which now runs in this deep gorge, had no agency in shaping and producing this wonderful channel. Mightier forces have worn away the hard strata more powerful torrents than any that now flows over the surface—set in motion, probably when this portion of Virginia was shaken by those great convulsions which displaced its piles of strata to the depths of thousands of feet, bringing into juxtaposition, along the line of fissures which are still to be traced, groups of rock everywhere else found separated by other formations, the aggregate thickness of which might be measured by miles. Across the top passes the public road, and being in the same plane with the neighboring country, one may cross it in a coach without being aware of the interesting pass.

CARNEGIE HERO FUND

I want to learn what you can tell me about the Carnegie hero fund.—M. M. K., Golden Gate, Ill.

In April, 1904, Andrew Carnegie created a fund of $5,000,000 for the benefit of the dependents of those losing their lives in efforts to save their fellowmen, or for the heroes themselves if only injured. Provision was also made for the awarding of medals to those who did heroic acts. The endowment was placed in hands of a commission of 21 persons, all residents of Pittsburg, Pa. Charles L. Taylor is president and F. M. Wilmot secretary and manager of the fund. Mr. Carnegie outlined the scheme for the fund in a letter to the commission. It was as follows: To place those following peaceful vocations who have been injured in heroic effort to save human life, in somewhat better positions pecuniarily than before, until able to work again. In case of death, the widow and children or other dependents are to be provided for until they reach a self-supporting age. For exceptional children, exceptional grants may be made for exceptional education. Grants of sums of money may be also made to heroes or heroines as the commission thinks advisable—each case to be judged by its merits."

The fund applies only to acts performed in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, the colony of Newfoundland and the waters thereof, and such must have been performed on or after April 15, 1904. Address all communications to the secretary.

RANK IN ARMY AND NAVY

Please give the different titles of officers both in the army and navy of this nation.—M. H. Victoria, N. Y.

The ranking officers in the army from the highest down are as follows: Lieutenant-general, major-general, brigadier-general, colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, captain, first lieutenant and second lieutenant. They are the commissioned officers while the sergeant and corporal are non-commissioned.

The naval ranks are admiral, first nine rear-admirals, rear-admirals, captains, commanders, lieutenant-commanders, lieutenants, junior lieutenants and ensigns.

MARGARET SANGSTER

Please give a short sketch of the life of Margaret Sangster.—B. A. Westford, Pa.

Margaret Elizabeth Munson Sangster, the American editor and poet, was born February 22, 1838. Twenty years later she married George Sangster, and began to write for different periodicals. In 1871 she became associate editor of the Hearth and Home. During the following years she was editor of various magazines. Since 1899 she has been a staff contributor to the Ladies' Home Journal. Her works are marked by a high religious purpose and an earnest desire to brighten and beautify the common happenings of the everyday life.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I would like to have you print a brief biography of Theodore Roosevelt. —A. J. B., Gassaway, W. Va.

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York October 27, 1858. After his graduation from Harvard in 1880, he traveled in Europe for a year. He was a member of the state assembly of New York from 1881 to 1884. In 1886 he was candidate for mayor of New York but was defeated. In 1889 he was appointed to the United States civil service commission by President Harrison. During his six years' incumbency he strictly endeavored to apply the test of merit to all executive positions, with the result that the commission assumed a position of importance it has never since lost, and the civil service law gained a new vitality. He resigned from the civil service commission to accept a position as president of the board of New York police commissioners. He entirely reorganized it. The members of the police force were appointed and promoted impartially. By his rigorous enforcement of the laws and ordinances he gave unwonted effectiveness to the office. In 1897 he resigned to become assistant secretary of the navy. Again he accomplished his work well. By his efforts appropriations of money were made for target practice. The marksmanship of the gunners was thus improved. In 1898 he resigned this office to enter the army. He assisted Leonard Wood in recruiting a regiment of cowboys. Roosevelt was second in command, but the regiment was known as "Roosevelt's Rough Riders." After leaving the army with the rank of colonel, he was elected governor of New York. In 1900 he was elected vice president. When McKinley was shot and when he died later, Roosevelt succeeded to the presidency. He continued the policy of President McKinley and in 1904 he was elected President by a larger plurality than was ever received by any other candidate for that high office.

After his presidential term had ended Roosevelt went to Africa on a hunting trip. He then returned to this country after visiting various other foreign nations, where he was royally received by the people and the rulers.

SWISS GOVERNMENT

Please explain as fully as possible the government of Switzerland.—C. W. F., Muskegon Heights, Mich.

The cantons of Switzerland are united together as a federal republic for mutual defense. However, they retain their individual independence in regard to matters of internal administration. A federal assembly has the legislative power, while the executive power is vested in a federal council. The assembly has two divisions, the national council and the state council or senate. The former body is elected every three years by the cantons—one member to each 20,000. Every lay citizen of the republic is eligible. The senate consists of 44 members, two coming from each canton. The assembly also has the right of concluding treaties of alliance with other countries, declaring war and making peace, sanctioning the cantonal constitutions, and taking measures regarding neutrality and intervention. The federal council consists of seven members elected for three years by the federal assembly, every citizen who has a vote for the national council being eligible for membership in the federal council. The members of this council act as chiefs of the seven administrative departments of the republic. The president and vice president of the council are the chief magistrates of the republic. They are elected by the assembly for one year, and are not eligible for re-election before the expiration of another year. The federal tribunal consisting of nine members elected for six years by the federal assembly, decides in the last instance in all matters in dispute between the cantons, or between the cantons and the confederation, and acts in general as a high court of appeal.

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

Please tell what you can about the Molly Maguires.—C. S. B., De Young, Pa.

The Molly Maguires was an Irish secret society formed in 1843 for the purpose of intimidating bailiffs or process servers distraining for rent, or others impounding the cattle of those who were unable or unwilling to pay their rent. In 1877 a similar society was formed in the mining districts of Pennsylvania. The members sought to effect their purpose by intimidation, carried in some cases to murder. Several were arrested, tried and executed, and the society was finally disbanded.

ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

I would like to learn a little of the history of the Ancient Order of Foresters.—E. H., Oak Grove, Mich.

The Ancient Order of Foresters is a fraternal order founded in 1745, at Yorkshire, England, with a membership in 1903 of over 1,000,000, divided among 9,000 courts. In 1832 the order was introduced into this country. In 1895 there were 175,000 members who withdrew and formed the Foresters of America. At present there are 43,501 members of the organization in this country.

ATLANTIS

Please tell about the land of Atlantis and whether it really existed or not.—N. M. C., Victor, W. Va.

Atlantis is a large island, which, according to tradition, is asserted to have existed in the ocean immediately beyond the Straits of Gades; that is, in what is now called the Atlantic ocean, a short distance west of the Strait of Gibraltar. Homer, Horace and some others made two Atlanticas, distinguished as the Hesperides and the Elysian Fields, and believed to be the abodes of the blessed. Plato states that an easy passage existed from the one Atlantis into other islands, which lay near a continent exceeding in size all Europe and Asia. Some have thought this America. Atlantis is represented as having ultimately sunk beneath the waves, leaving only isolated rocks and shoals in its place. Geologists have discovered that the coast line of western Europe did once run farther in the direction of America than it does now; but its submergence seems to have taken place long before historic times.

1864 DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM

Will you please publish the Democratic presidential platform of 1864? —A. S. M., Petersburg, Ind.

Resolved, That in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union under the Constitution as the only solid foundation of our strength, security and happiness as a people, and as a framework of government equally conducive to the welfare and prosperity of all the states, both northern and southern.

Resolved, That this convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity or war-power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired—justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to the ultimate convention of the states, or other peaceable means, to the end that, at the earliest practicable moment, peace may be restored on the basis of the federal union of the states.

Resolved, That the direct interference of the military authorities of the United States in the recent elections held in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and Delaware was a shameful violation of the Constitution, and a repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.

Resolved, That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the federal union and the rights of the states unimpaired, and they hereby declare that they consider that the administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution—the subversion of the civil by military law in states not in insurrection; the arbitrary military arrest, imprisonment, trial and sentence of American citizens in states where civil law exists in full force; the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press; the denial of the right of asylum; the open and avowed disregard of state rights; the employment of unusual test-oaths, and the interference with and the denial of the right of the people to bear arms in their defense—is calculated to prevent a restoration of the Union and the perpetuation of a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

Resolved, That the shameful disregard of the administration to its duty in respect to our fellow citizens who now are and long have been prisoners of war and in a suffering condition, deserves the severest reprobation on the score alike of public policy and common humanity.

Resolved, That the sympathy of the Democratic party is heartily and earnestly extended to the soldiers of our army and sailors of our navy who are and have been in the field and on the sea under the flag of our country, and, in the event of its attaining power, they will receive all the care, protection and regard that the brave soldiers of the republic have so nobly earned.

DESERTERS

What is the punishment accorded deserters from the United States navy and how long is a deserter liable to be arrested?—M. M., Toledo, Ore.

In the United States desertion from the army or navy in time of war is subject to court martial, which nearly always means a sentence of death. Desertion under ordinary conditions is punishable by dishonorable discharge and five years' hard labor. The United States government offers a monetary reward for the arrest usually ranging from $20 to $30. In every civilized country the laws against desertion are always severe upon the man who abandons his duty, punishing him with the hardest discipline, and sometimes death.

A man who was a deserter and was never pardoned could be arrested and court martialed; but it is very doubtful if the government would consider it worth the trouble after so many years. However, a deserter has forfeited his right to vote and hold office, and this penalty can be enforced against any deserter.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. R. M., Indian Springs, Ind.—Mrs. Taft, the wife of President Taft, is not a Catholic.

J. L. W., Pike, W. Va.—The government of China is republican in form, with Yuan Shi Kai as president.

M. S., Plants, Ohio—Quite a lengthy biography of Gifford Pinchot was published in the Bureau of November 2, 1911.

N. M. B., Dansville, Mich.—A deed cannot be signed by a minor. You had better consult an attorney.

A Subway Illusion.

New York Sun.

Dr. George W. Jacoby whose book "Suggestion and Psychotherapy" the Scribners publish this month, is a New York neurologist who writes in a popular manner of his subject. He gives this illustration from the subway to express the teaching of his book:

"Not long ago, while sitting in a New York subway local train, we were passed by an express going in the same direction. For a moment it seemed as though the local had come to a stop, then it appeared to reverse its course and go backward. This illusion was complete, yet I knew I was laboring under a sense deception and that both trains were going in one and the same direction.

"So in this present time of progress and enlightenment it may appear often as though the large masses of people were being carried along by ignorance and superstition while true mental culture stands still or even goes backward. Yet this also would be an illusion, a sense deception, for scientific truth creeps forward slowly, but always steadily, and its ultimate conquest over mysticism and other occult enemies is assured."

Harmless Smoke Cures Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

He will, also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

Real Meaning of "at Half Mast."

New York Sun.

Perhaps you have noticed that whenever a prominent person dies, especially if he is connected with the government, the flags on public buildings are hoisted only part of the way up. This is called half mast. Did you ever stop to think what connection there could be between a flag that was not properly hoisted and the death of a great man?

Ever since the flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token not only of submission but of respect.

In those days when a famous soldies died flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed from purely military usage to public life of all kinds, the flag flying at half mast being a sign that the dead man was worthy of universal respect The space left above it is for the flag of the great conqueror of all, the Angel of Death.

France Rules the Air.

There is wide interest in the revelation just made of the real aerial military forces of France and Germany. While it has generally been believed that in case of war aeroplanes and dirigibles would be advantageously used by both sides, only well informed persons have realized that two powerful rival aerial navies are already equipped.

It is understood in both countries that immediately after a declaration of war all private aeroplanes and airships will be requisitioned by the government and they already are incorporated into the military aeronautic corps.

Of the dirigible class, France today possesses 24 airships and Germany 25, and it was to obtain appropriations to perfect the aerial corps that the French military authorities made known the exact strength of the French and German forces. Public opinion in France demands supremacy in the air, just as English public opinion demands supremacy on the sea.

Time Told by Shadows.

New York Sun.

Among curious clock novelties is the shadow boudoir clock. With it there is no need of getting up to strike a light or turn on the bulb. All that is necessary is to touch a button and the time is flashed on the wall, after the same fashion that signs are flashed on the sidewalk. When the owner of the clock retires he turns a night dial to the ceiling and when he presses a bulb the electric light reflects from the dial through the lens and appears giving the correct time in shadow on the ceiling.

Throw Away Your Eyeglasses

HOW TO SAVE THE EYES is the title of a FREE BOOK

Simple Home Treatment Does It

At last the good news can be published. It is predicted that within a few years eyeglasses and spectacles will be so scarce that they will be regarded as curiosities.

Throughout the civilized world there has for several years been a recognized movement by educated medical men particularly eye experts towards treating sore, weak or strained eyes rationally. The old way has been to fit a pair of glasses as soon as the eyes were found to be strained. These glasses are nothing better than crutches. They never overcome the trouble, but merely give a little relief while being worn, and they make the eyes gradually weaker. Every wearer of eyeglasses knows that he might as well expect to cure rheumatism by leaning upon a walking stick.

The great masses of sufferers from eye-strain and other curable optic disorders have been misled by those who were making fortunes out of eyeglasses and spectacles.

Save Your Eyes, Get Rid of Glasses.

Dr. John E. Corish, an able New York physician of long experience, has come forward with the edict that eyeglasses must go. Intelligent people everywhere are indorsing him. The Doctor says that the ancients never disfigured their facial beauty with goggles. They employed certain methods, which have recently been brought to the light of modern science. Dr. Corish has written a marvelous book entitled, "How to Save the Eyes," which tells how many may be benefited, in many cases, instantly. There is an easy home treatment, which is just as simple as it is effective, and it is fully explained in this wonderful book, which will be sent free to anyone. A postal card will bring it to your very door. This book tells you why eyeglasses are needless, and how they may be put aside forever. When you have taken advantage of the information contained in this book, you may be able to throw your eyeglasses away, and should possess healthy, beautiful, soulfully expressive magnetic eyes that indicate the true character and win confidence.

Bad Eyes Bring Bad Health.

Dr. Corish goes further. He asserts that eye-strain is the main cause of headaches, nervousness, irritability, neurasthenia, brain fag, sleeplessness, stomach disorders, despondency and many other disorders. Leading oculists of the world confirm this, and say that a vast amount of physical and mental misery is due to the influence of eye-strain upon the nerves and brain cells. When eye-strain is overcome, these ailments usually disappear as if by magic.

FREE TO YOU

The Okola Method, which is fully explained in Dr. Corish's marvelous book, is the method which is directed at making your eyes normal and saving them from the disfigurement of these needless, unpleasant glass windows. If you wear glasses, or feel that you should be wearing them, or if you are troubled with headache in the forehead, or nervousness when your eyes are tired, write today to Okola Laboratory, Dept. 408, Rochester, N. Y., and ask them to send you, postage prepaid, free of all charge, the book entitled "How to Save the Eyes," and you will never regret the step taken.

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Your home with the wonderful WHITE FLAME BURNER. Fits any kerosene (coal oil) lamp or lantern and gives a light equal to electricity or gas. Safe, reliable. No mantle to break. Delights everybody.

AGENTS WANTED Sell like wild fire, make from $5 to $15 daily. Write today. Territory going fast. Beware of imitations. Sample post paid 35c stamps or coin. 3 for $1.00. Money back if not satisfactory.
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THIS SOLID GOLD RING
for selling seven 25c boxes "Merit" Blood Tablets. 30 days allowed to sell Tablets, return money and get ring. Address "Merit" Medicine Co. Room 80 s Cincinnati, Ohio.

Your Stomach Is the Mainspring Of the Human Clock

One out of every three people you meet have abused this mainspring until it needs potent assistance in winding. It will surprise you how quickly one little capsule will straighten out your sour, upset, disordered stomach, and additional ones will right the stomach's wrongs, feed your nerves and revitalize your whole system.

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Has YOUR stomach put you on the "anxious seat," causing you to suffer and worry day and night, because doctors and nothing else seem to reach your trouble? Well, don't let it bother you another minute—a 60c packet of Samuel's 3-P Stomach and Nerve Capsules will enable you to eat what your heart desires—perfect digestion and robust nerves will soon greet you and you'll relish your meals, enjoy a good, old-fashioned sleep at night and life will be worth living once more. Never were such letters of praise as we are receiving from all over the country.

Get instant relief in our Free TRIAL Sample. For sale by druggists, two sizes, 50c and $1.00—the dollar size contains a third more than two of the 50c. If your druggist hasn't it, write us for 50c or $1.00 packet, or send the coupon below and ten cents in coin or stamps, to cover mailing expense for free sample packet.

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Indians May Yet Go to Congress

A vision of big Indian chiefs, in paint and feathers, sitting in the house of representatives is seen by some of the silk-tiled and frock-tailed Beau Brummels of congress in a petition now in the hands of President Taft.

The Brotherhood of North American Indians, organized in Washington last December, is demanding of the Great White Father that he urge congress to seat Indian delegates of full blood to manage affairs affecting the thousands of Indians in the country.

Senator Curtis (Rep., Kas.) has introduced a bill in the senate to incorporate the brotherhood and has announced the federal organization asked by the Indian will be pressed vigorously. Forty redskin chieftain, representing 40,000 Indians, met in Washington December 6, to form the brotherhood—representatives of every large tribe from the wigwams of New York state to the mountain camps of the Pacific Northwest.

Here are some of the demands of the brotherhood before congress and the president:

"The right to have Indian delegates on the floor of congress, of Indian blood, and to be chosen exclusively by recognized Indian tribal vote, one delegate for each 60,000 Indian population, with the same powers and compensation as delegates from the present territories.

"Liberal appropriations for the Indian service.

"An advisory board of Indians for each Indian school or agency, consisting of three or more members to be chosen by Indian tribes, whose judgment shall have equal weight with the recommendations of the superintendent or agent in all matters affecting the tribes.

"Greater co-operation between the federal government and state governments in all matters of education of Indian youths, with opportunity to attend state public schools whenever these are preferred by the Indians."

The brotherhood backs up its requests with the covert statement that it represents 60,000 Indian votes.

The petition in part says:

"Surely our interests are vast enough, our people intelligent enough and our personal training of more than 100 years under government tutorship and control good enough to entitle us now to have representation in the making and administering of the laws that affect our material welfare, our property rights and our destiny.

"The government has long been in the habit of negotiating treaties with the Indians, the very best treaty ever made being with the Delawares, in which our people were promised representation in congress. Some of our reservations are being opened, alloted and sold without consulting our people.

"We do not come in a belligerent spirit, but we believe we are entitled to the same liberties, the same protection and the same treatment as is accorded to all American citizens, and place us upon a plane of equality with that of our whole brother."

Indians declare they are in identically the same position now as were the 13 original states when independence was declared in 1776. They say their property interests are as large as those of the colonists.

The Old Almanacs.

Besides prophesying "warres, revolutions and the death of kynges," an almanac of the fifteenth century told you the proper day to take medicine. Monday was the day for ailments of the legs, Tuesday for affections of the head. But what the sufferer was to do who had a pain on the wrong day it does not state.

Too Noisy for School.

In darkest Brooklyn is a schoolhouse blessed above the average of its kind with the cheering sounds of industry. On one side is a stoneyard, where men are hammering all day; on another an iron junk shop; on the third a blacksmith shop, and in the street are shouting street venders and trolley cars.

Artificial Diamonds.

Some time ago Paris sent forth columns on the announcement of a process to make diamonds. The inventor made so much of his plan that there was a great hubbub and a suit brought to force him either to prove his boasts or to keep quiet. Now comes a report from Antwerp, where a process to manufacture diamonds with the aid of ordinary lighting gas and mercury was announced in 1911. No secret was made of the new process by its inventor. He said he observed that lighting gas decomposed on exposure to mercury vapor, and when allowed to work on metallic amalgams of mercury the carbon in the gas was liberated in a non-crystalized form and in crystals, or diamonds. As the diamonds thus obtained were extremely small, he placed diamond dust in a tube in which gas was dissolved, to act as "mother crystals." The newly formed crystals adhere to this dust, and the result is a larger, but still very small, stone. The amalgam used is natrium. It is placed in a glass tube containing a small quantity of diamond dust, and lighting gas is passed through the tube for four weeks. The brilliants which are thus manufactured appear to possess all the attributes of the genuine diamond, but they are diminutive in size, so small in fact, as to have little or no commercial value.

Substitute for Steel.

An American scientist has discovered a new alloy which is likely to work a great change in some parts of the industrial world. By means of this alloy manufacturers will be able to make cutlery without the use of iron or steel—a feat that has hitherto been impossible of accomplishment. The inventor is, by profession, an automobile manufacturer, who makes a hobby of chemistry. His discovery is a combination of cobalt and chromium. It is unoxidizable and retains its luster under all atmospheric conditions. It will take an edge which will compare favorably with the best steel, to which it is claimed to be superior in many respects. The alloy will take a hard polish, and is pleasing in appearance. Pocket knives and razors have been made from it and used with remarkable success. Iron has been turned on a lathe with it, while the fruit knives made from it have been found not to tarnish from contact with fruit juice.

Feed Peanuts to Hogs.

National Magazine.

Peanut factories, controlled for the most part by Virginia corporations, are now located at Ruston, the seat of Lincoln parish, the largest peanut raising parish in the state; Shreveport and other points in northern Louisiana, so that the farmer who wants to grow peanuts on a commercial scale has a good market at his very door.

But it will be more for a food for live stock, especially hogs, that the progressive Louisiana farmer will cultivate the peanut. In this connection it may be said that there is no better or more economical diet for hogs, for not only does the peanut produce a meat of a peculiarly distinctive flavor, but the expense of feeding hogs in the regular way is almost done away with, as they are allowed to root for their own living.

Life of Railway Engines.

London Chronicle.

What machine lives the longest? It would seem to be the railway engine. The state department of France, which is concerned with the management (or mismanagement) of railways, has found on the Western railway 14 locomotives which are as old as the line itself. They were built

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1912.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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The people who get along best are those who know what is going on in the world. The best motto is to keep posted—remain up to date. One way to keep in touch with what is going on in the business world is to read the advertisements. Blade advertisements are always interesting. Do not overlook them.

There is no appropriate time to begin a coal strike.

Dr. Wiley is a Democrat, but he resigned, anyhow.

Anyway, China seems to be doing almost as well as Mexico.

It is a fine thing to be one of the survivors of an old-fashioned winter.

One reason we like pussywillows is because they do not caterwaul at 2 a. m.

Nearly everybody who eats is sorry to see Dr. Wiley leave the pure food department.

Let us not become pessimistic. The new slit skirt may not be half as bad as predicted.

One scientist says that eating is a dying art. We always thought it was a living habit.

One never sees an advertisement like this: "Strictly Ben Davis apples for sale here."

It would be interesting to know which are to be the original 13 equal suffrage states.

Mr. Burbank has developed a stoneless plum, but there is no hope of a boneless spareribs.

One never hears a man say that he made a success of drinking this or that brand of whisky.

Aviators have predicted that 200 of their number will be killed in 1912. Not a very cheerful prospect.

It is only in fiction that women let men kiss them and then punish the poor fellows for doing it.

The university professor who doesn't say something foolish now and then remains unknown.

Woodrow Wilson is accused of not being a Democrat. He will have his trial in Baltimore next June.

Chinese women have been granted the right to vote. And they never smashed a plate glass window.

We desire to congratulate our correspondents. They haven't sent in more than half a dozen spring poems.

Mr. Bryan has some very enjoyable birthdays, notwithstanding that they do not close in honor of the event.

Scientists have discovered the ancestors of the elephant. It is pleasing to note that it is not a monkey.

One reason people like to talk about the weather is that they can say almost anything without offending anybody

On the planet Mars a year is composed of seven hundred and thirty days. A long time between good resolutions

A Spokane pastor stood on his head to win a contest. That is one stunt that Rev. Billy Sunday has not copyrighted.

Among the dumb animals the lamb has the most versatile tail, yet it is not allowed to keep it. Tradition is against it.

The census bureau reports less illiteracy in the United States now than ever before. We'll soon know enough to go in when it rains.

A Georgia man walked six miles to save a train after a warning dream. The average man would have turned over and gone to sleep again.

Italians drop explosives from army aeroplanes and kill ten Turks. How crude the old methods of warfare seem in these enlightened days.

Brander Matthews is said to have deserted the simple spellers. Perhaps they tried to persuade him to take that superfluous "t" out of his name.

Amundsen is going to spend a year writing his book on the discovery of the South Pole. The idea of writing it on his way home never occurred to him.

There is some pleasure in recording the fact that a California woman wants a divorce because her husband talks too much. It is a refreshing change.

Here is another that comes to us from Russellville, Tenn.: "What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to make back-scratchers of corncobs impaled on pointed wires?"

BELLIGERENT DECLAMATION INVITED.

In the forthcoming national campaign, the business that sings small is the business least likely to get its feelings hurt. For there is going to be a lot said about the influence of capital on politics this summer and mighty little of it will be complimentary.

These unpleasant prospects are the natural reactions of a long period in which government has been conducted not so much by business as for business. Marshall Field once said he'd like to get into the Chicago city council, but he couldn't abide the thought of voting on street sign ordinances in company with "Hinky Dink." We are inclined to think that had the captains of industry who have bartered for franchises, tariff schedules, special privileges, contracts and easy laws themselves performed the services they got others to do for them, there would be less yowling and howling under their windows today. But since they did not, they had to encourage political rule by bribe takers, knaves and fools. Aside from the wrongs the captains would have committed for selfish ends, they might have done truly effective things, for they have all had executive ability, than which there has been nothing rarer in American politics for many seasons.

They played the game the other way. The country is fiercely resentful of administration by bosses and incompetents. It is taking its anger out on business—that which is clear and honest as well as that which has been corrupt. Which will be unpleasant for a time, but will assuredly lead to good.

THE APPEAL THAT COUNTS.

The back to the land cry is largely an appeal to patriotism. It comes for the most part from well-intentioned people who are not themselves connected with the soil, but who foresee a real national tragedy in the alarming desertion of the rural districts for the cities.

The appeal, though, that will count in the end is the perfectly practical appeal of gaining a living. The stomach will be the orator whose eloquence will be most telling.

High prices will be endured, uncertainty of employment will be more pronounced, the urban problems will be more vexatious, before any decided movement toward the country will make itself apparent in the census returns. That the farm provides a better living than most city dwellers enjoy is readily admitted by city residents They have been told it often enough. That the country is the best place for raising sturdy, independent, resourceful and brave citizens is beyond dispute. But neither the prospect for better income nor the desire to do better by the children will influence men to revolutionize their ways of working and ways of living.

It is when the question of making a living—good or bad—becomes vital that the pendulum of population will swing back. The stomach will decide.

TWO KINDS OF REFORM.

Tariff reform in England and tariff reform in the United States means two different things. But they are both reform policies, nevertheless.

The free traders of the United States pointed to Great Britain for many years as the country which had found its tariff system—or rather, its want of tariff system—the perfect panacea of economic ills, the solution for troublous costs of living and the way to the jingling pocket. So long as England was the blacksmith and weaver and all-round supply agent for the world, she could open her doors at their widest, for all she needed from without was food, and food was just about all that entered English ports except raw material for manufactures to be sent away again. But Britain now has competitors in the world's markets. Worse than this, she has competitors in her own markets. Not only is she losing abroad, but at home as well. Fate points today to protection for Britain as fate pointed a hundred years ago to free trade.

Through the failure of the Payne-Aldrich tariff to prove an honest, or even decent, revision, the United States is harassed with the tariff question. The duties must be reformed—reduced, not raised as in the case with Britain. Which does not mean that we are no longer in need of protection, but that we need less than is provided.

The United States could afford free trade under two conditions only—one, that all the markets of the globe were open to everyone unrestricted; second, that we should gain the industrial mastery of the world. Neither condition, unfortunately, exists.

THE FAVORITE AUDIENCE.

Do you remember when the farmer was spoken of as the "mainstay of the republic," as "the humble provider of the world" and "the horny handed son of toil?"

The farmer is still spoken of more or less floridly, but mostly he is spoken to. We venture to say he is the most "preached at" human being who draws on the air for his share of breaths.

The farmer is told to cultivate closer, to plow deeper, to buy seed, to try intensive cultivation, to fatten stock with corn instead of marketing corn, to protect the birds, to save the trees, to use judgment in the selection of farm animals, to send the boys to agricultural schools and to see that the girls get a grounding in domestic science, to avoid digging the well where it might get contaminated, to use concrete, to plant orchards, to buy better implements, to look at what's being done in Germany, to take a lesson from the Danes and the Belgians and the market gardeners of France, to hold his grain for a rise, to kill the flies, to help the good roads movement, to swat the middleman and not to forget to be thankful he's a farmer.

And of preachers competent—in their own minds—to advise the farmer the arithmetic books lay down no rule for computing their numbers. The city skyscrapers are full of them. There are staff specialists of the sort on every Philadelphia and New York magazine. The farm paper, the weekly newspapers, the daily newspapers, the agricultural departments, federal and state; the publication of agricultural colleges and experiment stations, manufacturers, railroad magnates, travelers and economists—all these are warning and chiding, showing the farmer how and holding him up to himself as a horrible example.

Yes, the farmer is the raging fashion as a lecture hall audience. We wonder if it is a consolation to him to remember that he's always had a reputation for long suffering?

CONTENDED.

That must be a pleasurable hour in the life of the aged man when reporters approach and respectfully ask the recipe of longevity. One is to imagine the query coming first as a surprise. "My gracious. Am I become as old as that?" exclaims the veteran. But we all know him, astonished as he may be, to be equal to the occasion always.

For if he has never used tobacco, he will warn all who are ambitious for long years to avoid the stuff as they would poison ivy. And if he has used tobacco, he will point to the marvelous preserving qualities of the herb of grace. If he has worked like a slave, he will advise the young to be as industrious as himself. Should he have learned the delights of relaxation and the pleasure of a wide curiosity he will never fail to urge taking it easy.

He is a deep and wise being, the man of 90. He knows what to say when the day comes his fame is to leap from the narrow confines of the neighborhood to that which may extend from ocean to ocean. He pats his breast. "Behold," he cackles, "the secret of life is my life. What er I have done, or whatever I have ft undone—that is the true prescription. Follow in my footsteps and you too, will be meat for the reporter man."

No one ever takes the prescription. But the nonegenarian doesn't care a fig if no one does. He puts on his spectacles, reads over the interviews with himself and laughs. He is well content.

AN EXPONENT OF PROGRESS.

"Our fundamental struggle must be to secure genuine equality of opportunity."—Theodore Roosevelt, in his Columbus speech.

The Kansas City Star calls attention to the fact that, in a remarkable study of the sources of poverty, published two years ago under the title of "Misery and Its Causes," Dr. E. T. Devine, New York sociologist, expressed the hope that in the near future political platforms would abandon obsolete issues and offer constructive programs for social welfare.

Mr. J. B. Reynolds, assistant district attorney in New York, and a former settlement worker, points out in The Survey that this is precisely what Mr. Roosevelt did in his Columbus speech. Mr. Reynolds, who was associated with President Roosevelt through service on government commissions, writes:

It is because some of us saw Mr. Roosevelt, while President, daily teaching and upholding this truth that we regard him as the great exponent of modern progress.

Upon which the Star sagely comments: "The fact that he is thus the exponent of modern social progress is what gives him his hold on a nation that is weary of obsolete party cries and of furious sham battles."

ORGANIZATION.

From what is known of the world's resources, there would be a sufficiency to maintain all of mankind in material comfort if man's energies were properly organized. The development of the resources is a relatively simple problem. But the organization of energies so that waste will be stopped, the duplication of labor, which is the same as waste, prevented and the equable distribution of goods and benefits systemized, constitute a problem so vast and complex that the practical mind might in justice pronounce it beyond solving.

Yet it has been given this generation in America, England and Germany to behold more marvels in the way of organization than all the past saw. The trusts, the syndicates, the trade associations, the expansion of the joint stock companies, the labor unions and the political parties all indicate that men are capable of suppressing and controlling individual desires in order that ends may be met whose benefits are to be shared or held in common. In company with these combinations are all sorts of associations, religious, social and public improvement societies, each of which is teaching in its own way that power lies in massing. Some of these endeavors are no doubt harmful, but most work toward a common good. Not the least of their value lies in the indication they give of exhaustless possibilities in the merging of interests and opinions.

"The fundamental characteristics of social progress," John Fiske said, "is the continuous weakening of selfishness and the continuous strengthening of sympathy." With the idea once firmly implanted that natural resources are not for the aggrandizement of a few, but for the protection of the many against cold, starvation and exploitation, the organization of energies for a fair distribution of natural wealth, though the most intricate of difficulties, may be dreamed of as a hope that may some day be realized.

We have decided to let the other fellows worry about the income tax bill.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Subscribers Whose Time Expires in April

We have just mailed to all of our subscribers whose time expires during the month of April our special propositions for renewals and the raising of clubs. You will find the offers we make are exceedingly liberal and we are absolutely certain that you will not only renew promptly, but that you will send us a club of at least ten names, made up of your neighbors and friends, and by so doing get your paper one year free, also a pair of lace curtains as a premium.

It affords us great pleasure to state that over 95 per cent of our subscribers whose time expired during the months of January, February and March have renewed for the coming year and that a greater number than ever took advantage of our proposition No. 3—and sent us clubs of ten names.

We feel absolutely certain that the same will be true regarding April renewals and of the great many old subscribers who sent us clubs of four last year, we particularly wish to impress upon you how very easy it would be to make your club ten names.

The Weekly Blade is unquestionably the best family newspaper published in America and is known and valued everywhere newspapers are read. Over 240,000 families throughout the United States are readers of the Weekly Blade, (estimating over 1,000,000 readers weekly)—surely a Great National Family.

WHY MISERS ARE.

Heredity is held to account for another vice. The studies of a French physician have led him to announce that a miser is the offspring of a couple who are mentally unbalanced and physically defective. Avarice—this scientist holds—is a disease which is to be classed with transmitted nervous ailments and, if treated, given the sort of observation the insane receive.

The disease, as it appears in France, is confined to the middle classes, among whom there is often a prevalent fear of reverses, a dread which does not pursue the wage-earner, the peasant, and the members of the upper classes. Where wealth is acquired little by little, accumulated by means of petty economies and sacrifices, this disease of avarice, predisposed through inherited traits, reaches its climax. The victim is happy in the possession of property, not in the pleasures the property can work. Every little addition is a delight. Every little loss wrings the soul. It is the Frenchman's idea that miserliness is a distortion of the virtue of saving. It is economy run to seed.

As a race, Americans are eager for money, but they are notoriously spendthrift. They preach a lot about saving, but have very little of the hardihood necessary to continuous economy. This disease which the distinguished physician has studied does not seem to have gained a foothold in America.

WHAT A PANIC DID.

Thomas A. Edison went out to Wyoming in 1878 to give his aid as a mechanician to a party of astronomers who were to observe the transit of Venus. Mr. Edison, as usual, was interested in everything and noting the long hauls of the wheat farmers, he conceived the idea of providing them with cheap electric traction.

Henry Villard, the genius of the Northern Pacific railroad, became interested and financed the inventor in experiments carried on in New Jersey. After a three-mile track had been laid and the experiments well along, the Villard panic came on. The work was stopped. The track rusted away. Edison turned to the development of other ideas.

But for that panic, interurban lines might have been commonplace years before they came in. Instead of being independent enterprises, they would have been feeders for the steam roads and the big companies would have been free to develop speed and hauling capacity with which local traffic interfered. Instead of the middle west having the honor and the first reaping of benefits from these electric railways, they would have become a distinctive feature of the mountain and desert country, would have hastened the end of the reign of the cattlemen and brought the western empire into earlier possession of the grain growers.

Villard was a man of great foresight. But, like many others who dream great dreams, he tangled himself in his credits. It brought about his fall and altered entirely the form of development through which electric traction was to go.

THE HAPPIER LOT.

The activities of rich men last winter were largely given over to worry. It was a dull season industrially. The stock market was afflicted with a sort of fever and ague. Dividends were cut. Deep melancholy brooded over Washington. The approach of the national election caused the postponement of plans of expansion. Credit lines were guarded sharply. The last place of retrenchment, as always, was the home, and most men of wealth found the job beyond them. So they passed the winter wearing the aspect of the castaway who was thrown upon the island where only lemons grew. The somnolent state of industry and commerce kept many men out of employment throughout the winter. Many others were employed only fitfully, here and there, upon chance jobs and upon part time. The family rations had to be measured with careful eye. The grocer's good will had to be studied painstakingly. The landlord's mercies were subjects of anxious thought. It has been a cold, cold winter for the poor man.

The most blessed of men in America is the one who is neither rich nor very poor. He bears the lightest of the burdens. If he is free of the national vice of envy he has the best of the good things which providence has assigned to America.

POINTING OUT A DISTINCTION

In the translation of a German article we learn that:

Americans are a money-mad, money-hungry lot. Their work is driving, their enterprise is world-absorbing, their daring is cold and ruthless—all for the one end. Money.

There are facts, doubtless, which support this charge. Foreigners, more often Englishmen than Germans, have told us this often. Yet we cannot see that our brothers across the Atlantic work wholly for work's sake, that they make ventures without the hope and aim of controlling markets, that they are more merciful when they get folk into corners.

We can see, however, that there is a distinction between the money-grubbing practiced by American captains of industry and business and the courses pursued by their likes in Europe. The American doesn't hide his money after he gets it. He is so vulgar as to commit the unpardonable sin of spending it.

THE TERRIBLE WEAPON.

The most pitiful thing about a great strike is not the gulf formed between employer and laborer, the economic waste and the distress of debts and short rations, but that the strike is the only effective weapon the wage-earners have for calling the attention of the general public to them and their problems.

An industry runs along smoothly from day to day and month to month, and the consumers of the product of that industry never give a thought to those who are concerned with the running of machinery, the packing and shipping, the marketing and accounting, until, lo, some evening they read that the industry is tied up by a strike. If the trouble last long enough—sometimes it need be only a few hours—the consumer feels the want of the wares he has been used to buying. For the first time, he is called upon to consider the nature of the struggle in an industry which his money and that of other consumers supports.

The whole thing might speak admirably for the mechanism of civilization if it did not speak more of the blindness that human creatures are capable of. It is less the efficient management of industry that keeps us unaware of the cogs and wheels than the want of public curiosity.

A strike is a distressing maneuver any way one looks at it. But it is one that workers cannot abandon, both because it is an economic weapon and a megaphone by which the ears of the world are reached.

A POLITICAL MIXTURE.

It ought not to prove surprising if the same party organization which is expected to place a state's rights plank in its national platform—under a less familiar and less tainted name—should also strongly endorse federal conservation, federal improvement of rivers and harbors and possibly federal highway improvement.

We should have, on the one hand, an expression of suspicion and jealousy over the encroachments of a centralized authority—one that, in taking over state duties, indicates no compunction in proving state officeholders useless and parasitic. On the other hand, we would have the endorsement of a policy calling on all the states to contribute to the welfare of one commonwealth, or a group—a policy which pleases since it dips into the national treasury filled by indirect taxation and saves the state treasuries, fed by taxes obvious to the eye and accurately resented.

The planks would be as incompatible as oil and water. But they would not be unusual on that account. For politics is not so much concerned with principles as with practical ends, temporary expedients and strategies.

The Chicago Tribune tells of an organized effort to revive the sorghum industry of the country. It may be all right; every generation ought to have a taste of sorghum to make it appreciate the other sweets of life.

Darning socks in the home has also become obsolete, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. We don't believe it, but if it is true, away goes the sentiment of the home.

Even though George Washington wasn't much of a soldier, according to the university professor's notion, he had the satisfaction of winning.

If, as science says, the world's supply of oxygen is diminishing, let's begin the conservation scheme of abolishing the political spellbinder.

A New York man is advertising himself as "the leading undertaker," but he hasn't a very enthusiastic following.

In case of doubt it is wiser to pretend to believe what the other fellow says than to call him a liar.

Eighteen thousand miles of postage stamps! How many tongues will it take to lick 'em?

No matter where the wind comes from, there always seems to be plenty of it.

Women are never in favor of any old-fashioned thing that is not in style.

We are too old-fashioned to believe that sassafras is a tradition.

Sunday School

STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD

International Sunday School Lesson for March 31 Is a Quarterly Review.

By William T. Ellis.

The captain of the ship that goes down the Tigris river from Bosra, and through the Persian Gulf called me from the cabin one day to watch the wailings of the Moslem pilgrims returning to India from Kerbala and Meshed Ali, their shrine cities in the Mesopotamia desert. They were listening to one of their number read the story of the death of Hussian, grandson of the Prophet, and the leader whom Shiah Moslems held in veneration second only to that of Mohammed himself. As the reading went on, men and women wept and wailed, and swayed to and fro, beating their breasts; by groans and cries giving evidences of deep grief over the tragedy enacted more than 1,400 years ago. The captain told me that on every trip he has the same experience with the pilgrims. The story of the sufferings of their leader never loses its hold upon them. That is what draws them upon this long, difficult and perilous pilgrimage.

The same motive, the grip of the story of Christ upon the hearts of men and women, is what takes tens of thousands of pilgrims to Jerusalem every year. The narrative of the life and of the death of Jesus has a power unequaled in literature and history. It takes hold of young and old. As the old song says:

"I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest."

A little boy said to his father after church one Sunday, "Father, I was awfully interested when Mr. Brown began to talk about the crucifixion of Jesus. I could just seem to see it, and I listened to every word, and understood it, until all of a sudden he stopped telling the story, and began to preach."

The first 31 years of that wonderful Story are reviewed in this lesson, swiftly covering the studies of three months in the life of Christ. The recurrence of these reviews are like the experience of the traveler who finds himself upon a height from which he can look over the entire stretch of country which he has traversed, having seen it before only in detail. From this height he gets a sense of proportion and perspective impossible otherwise. As the Plain of Esdraelon is not so clear to those who travel upon it is it is to those who view it from the southern end of Mt. Carmel, and as the Jordan Valley is less comprehensible to the people of Jericho than to the man on Mt. Nebo, so these studies in the life of Christ are best understood when we take a survey of a large section of the biography at one time.

The Wonder Child.

Literary folk have been gleaning every possible story about Dickens this year, in order to get new angles of view for the study of the great novelist. Every fresh viewpoint of the life of Christ is to be welcomed. A business man said the other day that he had never really understood the setting of the birth of Christ until he read the story of a traveler's experience one Christmas night in a Syrian khan. On a watch-fob, amid half a dozen silver coins that I got in the Holy Land, I have one Roman coin, bearing the name and image of Caesar Augustus, and I prize it above all others, because it seems to make a little nearer and more vivid the great event that occurred when Caesar Augustus was on his throne.

Points of contact with the story of Christ are to be sought. Every baby is one such. A grizzled and seemingly unsentimental Presbyterian elder said one day in prayer meeting, "I never realized the humanness of our Lord, and the meaning of the Bethlehem story, until I looked upon my own first-born son." That son, now a grown man, blushed at the allusion, but every parent present sympathized with the father's viewpoint. The Christian mother or father understands the Babe of Bethlehem in the light of the babe in his own arms.

That is as God would have it: He has tried to identify Himself with the commonest and deepest experiences of the race. It seems as if all the resourcefulness of omnipotence had been exercised to enable God to crowd closed to the life of the people. The Son who came by way of the manger has not only lifted up all of childhood, but He has brought wondrously nigh Godhood to man.

The Emancipation of Woman.

Frm the songs of Elizabeth and Mary to the battle-cries of window-smashing suffragettes in London may seem a far cry; yet despite all extravagant and freakish manifestations of a mistaken sex-consciousness, the truth remains that the emancipation of woman has its roots deep in the motherhood of Mary. The new status of women in Christian lands can be explained only by the Christian story.

Where the Gospel has gone, there women have been gradually freed, until today the highest expression of Christian civilization is the character and lot of womanhood. The Interpreter and Friend and Champion of woman today is the white-souled Knight of God who was born of Mary. The new movement of womanhood will be kept safe and sensible and successful, so long as it does not lose sight of its spiritual beginnings.

Parents and educators today are both muttering rebellion against our present educational system. It is over-specialized; it sugar-cats knowledge, and attempts to beguile and allure pupils into the acquisition of information. Imperceptibly, it has come to be an attempt to create a royal road to learning. The protest is widespread that our educational methods are not fitting boys and girls for life. We cram their heads, but we do not train their brains and character. Lessons are taught, but not life.

A wholesome reaction is coming. The best of the old days and the old ways will be restored. The wisest students of our time are pointing out that the home is more important than the school, and that the educational functions of home life cannot be usurped by any professional training. Children need responsibility in the home. They need definite chores to do, whether they feel like doing them or not. They need home discipline and the influence of brothers and sisters. Also they need time to think, and to let the soft influences of this wonderful world of nature enter into their souls. There is profound significance for all students of pedagogy in the historical fact that when God wanted to train the Perfect Man, He put him into a workingman's family, where He had to bear the yoke of His youth, and learn to labor and to live.

The Man Ahead of His Time.

In this day of political progressiveness, when all public men are trying to prove how representative of the people's advanced thought they are, one's mind goes back to the Populists of a generation ago. Then they were derided and sneered at. Their party is dead, but their cause is won. They were of the goodly company of forerunners and preparers. Their consolation was that sounded by the poet:

"Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

* * *

"Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples.
Sound, trumpets far-off blown,
Your triumph is my own!"

Ahead of the times in which he lived, came John the Preparer, to blaze a path for Christ. His lot it was to lose his lustre in the greater light on the One who came after. He died a pioneer's death, but he lives in deathless honor, an inspiration to multitudes, a favorite of God, one of history's great immortals. It is a man's work to make ready the minds of men for a greater than one's self who shall come after.

Proving the Worker.

Down street they are putting up a new building. Fifty men are employed in the excavation and a hundred men are watching them work and finding fault. It is easy to stand aside and criticize the procession. Some deluded folk think it is a proof of brains to be able to find fault with the men who are doing things. That is about as cheap and childish an occupation as the mind of man can undertake. To pitch in and try to remedy conditions is both costly and hard.

The difficult course was the one adopted by Jesus. He criticized his times, it is true. He is not remembered for that, but for His reconstruction of the times. Jesus was no stand-off critic. He lined up on the side of the best thing in sight. Thus He identified Himself with John and John's mission, and insisted upon being baptized into unity with the best friends of God in His day.

Then He went into the wilderness for the test and temptation. His life was His weapon, with which to do battle with the world, the flesh and the devil, and He wanted to test the worth of the blade. Thus He learned to know Himself, and from the beginning of His ministry was ready for the sacrifice which He foresaw to be the end of His earthly mission. He knew Himself, and He knew the hearts of men.

A Working Force.

Truth is greater than an organization. Still, even truth needs a propagating agency. It cannot travel by any other than human means. So Jesus gave His first year of ministry largely to gathering about Him a force upon which He could depend for the continuation of His work and words. Busy as He was about His mission of mercy, He was nevertheless ever alart to discover men fit for discipleship. He went about preaching and healing, but ever with an eye open for men of apostolic potentialities.

That point cannot be improved upon. The success of every worker is largely determined by the disciples he makes. A certain minister who had no notable skill as a preacher, yet somehow had a gift for inspiring young men to fit themselves for the ministry and other forms of Kingdom work, now has disciples who are doing large service for the Master.

The final test of these Men and Religion campaigns throughout the country has been the number of disciples men who have been left behind to carry on the work of the teams of experts. Occasionally one meets a notable Christian woman, like Margaret Sangster, who has made disciples of great companies of young girls. The ranks of Young Men's Christian Associations are full of young college men who are ear-marked with the likeness of Robert E. Speer; he has made disciples of them.

Jesus built up a body of men upon whom He impressed His personality. Commonplace they were, but He made them great. The Gospel is still doing that very thing. The life of Christ and the purpose of Christ are taking hold of men and women, and making them over into newness so that their lives are impressed with something of the character of Jesus Christ.

Strange Chinese Ideas Relating to Women

With the passing of the old China of Manchu rule and the dawning of the republican era, much of the quaintness which characterized the social customs of the Celestial land will undoubtedly be lost foever. In no phase of life is the great Asiatic nation so different from all other lands as in the relations between the sexes. The entire Chinese code is at variance with our own.

The entire domestic relationship is absolutely ignored outside the immediate family circle. It is considered atrocious form for a husband even to mention his wife to acquaintances. Mixed assemblages are prohibited, and a Chinaman of the old school will not be seen in public with his wife.

This has led to many awkward situations, involving foreign diplomats and missionaries. On one occasion a United States minister, learning that a high Chinese official, residing in America, had married an American girl, attempted to congratulate a member of the Manchu cabinet. The prince was deeply grieved at the mention of the matter. To his mind it was nothing short of barbaric to speak of such a thing as a marriage. It was months later that the diplomat learned just why the Manchu had eyed him so haughtily when he presented what he considered well timed congratulations.

Travelers in China of a decade ago often had queer experiences with mule drivers who refused to allow a man and his wife to occupy the same cart. They declared that they would be jeered at and insulted for allowing their fares to commit such a breach of etiquette.

When the first Chinese students were sent to America complications arose due to the incompatibility of Celestial and Yankee customs. On one occasion a whole body of young men were sent home because one of them committed the awful misdemeanor of escorting a young lady from church. Had she been his sister or his first cousin it would have been excusable. But she was only an acquaintance and the incident was never forgotten. Had the young lady been the wife of the youth it would have been just as bad, according to the old Chinese custom.

For drying stockings a New Yorker has patented a wire frame to stretch them, adjustable to any size.

Varieties

Soapsuds make the fruit trees grow.

The city of New York owns [illegible] pieces of real estate.

Australia is at present suffering from a dearth of mechanics.

In migration some of the tiniest birds are the best travelers.

The New York telephone call averages a minute and a half in length.

A Baltimore man has been on the operating table 24 times.

Men of science have not yet decided whether microbes are plants or animals.

Support of indigent insane aliens costing New York more than $5,000,000 a year.

London eats 15 carloads of crackers a day, but they are called biscuits there.

The British postoffice controls some $600,000 miles of telephone wires.

New Mexico will be known as the "sunshine state" and Arizona as the "Valentine state."

Twenty-six native species of [illegible] are cut in Canada, spruce yielding one-fourth of the total.

The world's largest bird of prey is the bearded vulture. From tip to tip of wing it measures 9 to 10 feet.

Out of a total of about 54,000 passenger cars, 3,000, or over 5 per cent, are of steel.

In Center, N. C., one minister married six couples in a week, and his fee for the lot amounted to 25 cents.

Cement coffins for dogs are the latest "innovation in the use of cement shown at the cement exhibit in Chicago.

Slate is being quarried commercially in 10 states of our country, Vermont and Pennsylvania leading in the industry.

South Carolina produced last year 2,000 pounds of tea, some of which has sold for as much as 41 cents a pound.

Because of the constant pall of smoke which hangs over it, the old portion of Edinburgh is known as "Auld Reekie."

Nearly two-thirds of the beans grown in the United States each year come from farms in Michigan, New York and California.

The Grand Central station in New York, which holds the record for size, is eight times larger than the Waterloo station in London.

The city of Kansas City, Kan., was once the town of Wyandotte. The natives had a clever way of saving time by writing it "Y&."

Estimates place the coal consumed on the oceans of the world at approximately 75,000,000 tons per annum, valued at over $250,000,000.

Many actors in Austria, it appears from the investigation of a Vienna journal, receive salaries of only 80 kronen (about $20) a month.

So mauny ships have been lost in the strait between the Red Sea and the Arabian Gulf that the strait is called the Gate of Tears..

In one week during the early part of last summer the Port Elizabeth (Africa) feather market reached the $[illegible] 000 point, the highest ever.

The West Virginians have patented a baby swing which may also be used as a high chair by hanging it on the back of an ordinary shair.

The queen of Bulgaria has a medical degree, and the young queen of Belgium is said to be the only occultist of royal blood in the world.

In New York city's social register 11,519 families are listed. It shows that the social center of the metropolis is steadily moving north.

Small transformers that may be screwed into electric light sockets to permit the use of low voltage lamps on high voltage circuits are a German novelty.

New Orleans expects to be the center of the richest country in the world when the plans for reclaiming the extremely fertile lands in that region are carried out.

The exquisite complexion of the young Chinese women is due to the great care which they give their skin. Generally speaking, the result is due to massage.

Over $20,000,000 worth of automobiles were exported from the United States in the calendar year 1911, or 20 times as much as a decade ago.

Some of New York's theatre managers, it is said, have found a way to beat the ticket speculators. They sell the tickets at auction and pocket the premium themselves.

The world's gold output for last year has been estimated at $466,000,000, a gain of $14,000,000 over the 1910 output and of more than $200,000,000 over that of 10 years ago.

Portland, Ore., has an orchestra of one-armed men. It is believed to be the only one in the world. Two men are required to play the instrument where two hands are needed.

The total amount of net profits declared in 1911 by the 22 banks transacting business in Australia and New Zealand was £2,759,932, the largest for any single year.

Great Britann heads the list of iron and steel exporters with $361,000,000 to her credit, exclusive of the $16,000,000 worth of agricultural implements which belong under that classification.

A French jeweler has brought out an electric alarm clock that will ring a bell or perform other services one or more imes a day at a set hour every day or only on designated days.

Black rain has fallen at least twice in England during the last century, but on these occasions the color has been due, not to soot, but to the presence of millions of little black insects.

An attachment for a telephone receiver by which another person can hear what is being said over a wire—a stenographer, for instance, who is to take both sides of a conversation—has been invented.

Of 4,501 vessels from foreign ports that arrived at New York city in 1911 only 11 were sailing ships. In a few years a "square rigger" will be almost as great a curiosity as the caravels of Columbus.

James S. Templeton, a wealthy Chicago speculator, has started at his own expense a "coffee cab" for the purpose of furnishing the crossing policemen in Chicago with hot coffee and sandwiches on cold days.

In Germany a government engineer has devised a new system of canal traction, rails laid on the bottom of the canal engaging rollers on the bottom of a boat, which can be driven by either steam or electricity.

The forests for which England was at one time famous have vanished, and only exist in the attenuated form of carefully preserved woods and parks from which can be obtained only a fraction of the supplies needed.

ECZEMA

Called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.

I CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say I CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say C-U-R-E-D, and not merely relieved, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely relieved only to get worse than before. Relieved only for awhile, to return in worse than before. Relieved only for awhile, to return in worse than before. Relieved only for awhile, to return in

The PEACE PAGE.

JIMMY

WEE boys with big wistful eyes and little quivery mouths have no business to be sick. The world and the sunshine and the flowers were all made for them. And wee boys who cry at nights against the immaculate starched waists of the nurses in homesickness for the warm comfort of their mothers' arms have no business at all to be in a hospital. But once in awhile the great plan goes wrong and wee little cogs run slower and slower and finally fall out, for repairs. And some great surgeon picks them up with his kind quick hands and repairs them and puts them back in their places. And sometimes the great darkness is quicker than his hands and they never go back into the scheme of things at all.

Jimmy was a very tiny cog indeed. His eyes were big and brown like the very brownest pansy that ever grew in a garden. His eyes were like his mother's eyes except that hers never looked wistful nor as if they had tears in them. They were hard and bright and shiny, like her smile. She never held Jimmy, nor was sorry for him when the pain came. She sang a great deal and was away a large part of the time. When she was in the poor little house with Jimmy and his father she had no time to be spending with Jimmy. She put flowers on hats and lace on dresses, and Jimmy used to lie and wonder why she never rubbed his aching head or took any care of him. He had always been a rather sickly sort of a boy, with a queer lame leg that annoyed his mother to look at. By and by it annoyed her so much that she had Jimmy sent to a hospital. And then Jimmy's big wistful brown eyes were full of tears and his mouth was quivery for the warm comfort he had never known, of a pair of arms that really wanted to hold him. Jimmy wanted not his mother, but just a mother, anybody who loved him. He was sick and alone, and he was frightened. The hospital walls were white and bare and the nurses wore stiff plain clothes that rattled starchily when they walked. He was afraid of them all. He wanted to be loved. He didn't want to be taken care of.

He didn't make a great fuss because he was too much afraid to do it. He just lay quietly in his bed where they put him, the nice white little bed, and cried into his pillow. The big round tears went slipping down off his thin little cheeks and over his snubby little nose until there was a great soaked spot on his pillow. The nurses smiled at him and petted him hurriedly as they went among their patients, but he was afraid even of their petting.

He cried himself to sleep the first night, a frightened huddled little bit of humanity, with an aching knee. The next day they operated on him. It was very early when they came for him. He did not understand, but he knew that something dreadful was going to happen. The big surgeon with the smiling mouth tried to be kind but his smile was more frightening to Jimmy than his indifference.

He cried quietly to himself. The tears continued to race down his face and hide themselves in a very panic under his chin as though they knew they had no business to be on his face at all. Occasionally he heaved a great shuddering sigh.

But a great change came over Jimmy when he saw the operating room. It was so full of light that he was obliged to squint to be able to see around it. And there were many men in white who paid no attention to him, but walked around and talked as though they did not see him. Suddenly he flung himself out of the arms of the nurse. He gave a wild shriek that was almost the cry of a trapped animal. "Let me out! Let me out!" cried Jimmy.

It was no use. They gathered him up and put him back upon the big shining table. Then a great mouthpiece fell over his face and he could no longer scream nor cry. It was all black and dark.

Then he came up out of the darkness. He was horribly afraid of he knew not what. He was afraid because he could not remember. He was afraid because he did not want to open his eyes. He was afraid of the entire world which seemed to be leagued against him to do him harm.

Suddenly a warm hand fell across his. It was a very gentle hand. He clung tightly to it for fear it would disappear into the darkness. And he slept because he felt sure that he would be safe while the hand was there. When he woke up it was still there. Even yet he did not look up to see who this new friend might be. He was just contented to lie quite still and hold the hand.

Then one day he was not so tired. He lifted his heavy lids. It was the sweetest face he had ever seen looking down on him, over the starched whiteness of a nurse's uniform.

"Dear little boy," said a tender voice. "Now we're alright."

And Jimmy for almost the first time that he could remember in his life knew that he was alright. His world was without a flaw. There would always be arms now that wanted to hold him.

"Oh, I love you! I love you!" he cried, in rapture. His brown eyes filled with sunshine.

Great doctors came and said that the surgeon had made a wonderful cure of the small boy with the bad knee and the great surgeon wrote a learned paper about it. But the credit was not alone his for putting back into the great scheme of things the little broken cog. And the one to whom much of the credit was due never wrote a paper about it. She didn't need to for Jimmy and his nurse are never so far apart, but what she can send for him in a moment and point to the living proof of the fact that love is the greatest healer in the world.—H. R. R.

Our Correspondents

There never was a finer line than the one you wrote at the end of the poem you sent, Mrs. Satterfield, of West Virginia., "a soldier's daughter." It had a touching note of pride, of the inspiration of the old music of the fife and drum that carried men on to victory.

"I did enjoy reading the letter from Virginia about kindness to old people. That is what we should all show to aged men and women. I thoroughly appreciated the letter," writes Blue-Eyed Girl from Georgia.

We do not use original poems, M. W., of White county, Indiana, much as we should like to. Many very excellent poems are sent to us, but we are unable to use them. It implies no lack of merit in the poem, but we have certain rules which we are unable to break.

A reader would like information as to where he may obtain "blue and white eight road corn, for seed." He has seen it while traveling through West Virginia. Can someone supply the information?

"Seeing so many letters from West Virginia, I thought I would write and see if I could learn something of my mother's people. She has never been able to hear from them since the civil war. Her father's name was Benjamin Flowers and her mother's maiden name was Jane Clark. Any word from them would be greatly appreciated by our family," writes Mrs. John Carter, of Michigan.

Will the Tennessee reader who wrote to us from the section between the Tennessee and Duck rivers please furnish her address to the Peace Page editor?

Thank you for the encouraging words, Mrs. W. T., of Mississippi, for sometimes we become discouraged and the word of cheer helps us greatly. It is the universal spirit of helpfulness between the readers of this page that makes the page what it is. We want it to continue. Thank you for saying that it will.

A Huge Snow Pile

C. E. Briggs, Shenandoah, Iowa.

AFTER FEBRUARY BLIZZARD.

This picture is of Main street, Shenandoah, Iowa, after the "big storm" in February, which swept the entire United States. Dr. E. R. Stealy sent the picture to remind the Peace Page readers that the weather man did not forget Iowa.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental moral and social improvement.

BLAZED TRAIL OF DEEDS.

I think I have commenced to realize in the last few years perhaps more plainly than ever before the fact that a person's existence counts for something in the world. People may die but some influence is left that unconsciously impresses itself on others and so the life has not been lived in vain. I walked in the wood the other day where the violets are commencing to lift their heads and the big trees arch their branches, and I thought, "This too will pass away." The same violet blooms but once to gladden some passerby, and many bloom unseen. But it fades and another takes its place next season. The oak trees drop their acorn cups for the children at play. The woodman's axe finds use for the tree, but the seed is buried deep in the ground. Where the children have ceased their play there stands another oak. The old trail to the spring made by pioneers is overgrown with thorns, choked by undergrowth and covered with moss. But the path will be opened by younger hands. The log spring-house has fallen to decay, the rope broken on the windlass because all these must pass away. But they make room, and break a path for the greater and bigger things to come. Good deeds, like the blazed tree left by the surveyors chain, mark the pathway for us for a long time or a short, till the tree falls to decay. Even then the records show where it has been. Some day I shall tell you of this wonderful valley here and of the caves just over the mountain. I have been waiting to hear from the Lady from Oregon who promised to come again. We are interested in the coast country there and would like to have all the information from settlers there, that we can get.—Jean Davidson, Arkansas.

AN ADMIRER OF NATURE

Being a long, though silent, reader of the Peace Page, and thinking perhaps that some of you folks, especially eastern people, would like to hear from me, I will endeavor to entertain you. I live on a farm and, unlike many, am mighty glad that I have the chance to live in the country. It always seems to me that those who are compelled to live in the city, especially the young folks, are deprived of half of that which is worth living for.

To some it may seem all right to live in the noise and glamor of the city, and see little but that which is made by human hands. But, friends, let me tell you that mortal hands will never accomplish that which nature has given us to enjoy if we live in the country. I am a great lover of nature and find that when it is properly studied and understood it affords a broader and more healthy pleasure than the greatest and most magnificent city can possibly set forth. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to take a ramble over the hills and through the beautiful groves which are numerous in this neighborhood.

One Sunday afternoon will be long remembered by me, for it was the occasion of my taking a walk on a perfect summer day. I reached the top of a hill and sat down upon a rock, viewing the wonderful scenery before me. Far below lay a beautiful valley covered with golden grain; beyond rose the Cascade mountains, with their summits strikingly outlined by their contrast with the deep blue sky. Far in the distance towered a magnificent mountain peak, whose top was covered with everlasting snow that sparkled in the brilliant sunshine. Do not believe that I am a fanatical worshiper of nature, but instead I look upon it as God's greatest work. It is my firm belief that those who do not know nature, or who have never had the privilege of leading an outdoor life have never known true happiness.

I am making a plea for people to go the farms, for if this country ever fails it will be because of the present tendency of people to flock to the cities. It is a well known fact that the cities cannot exist long without the farms. The welfare of this country is safe only as long as the agricultural interests are guarded.

It is not my purpose to condemn those who live in the city, but I only wish to advise them to seek the country, where health and happiness will be with them for a lifetime. Some other time I will write and tell about the beautiful state of Oregon.—Evening Star from the Land of Sunshine.

The address of Lizzie C., of Shenefield, Florida, is wanted by the Peace Page editor. The letter was published in the issue of March 7.

A Paragraph or Two

A monument is coming to the man who invented the vacuum cleaner.

Tulips always beat the dandelions up, but they have the assistance of kind friends. It isn't a fair race.

If women are at their best at 50, why do so many of them remain 40?

Our notion of nothing serious to worry about is what style of hats the women are going to wear. Most of 'em look sweet in anything.

Four London women broke four windows with four stones. A perfect batting average.

Mr. Peary says that dog meat is delicious, but we can find nothing in the cook books to confirm his statement.

"Man today is the absolute slave of his wife," says a Boston writer. Come, let's talk about spring.

Fashion note: "It is well to have gown and flesh melt together." What a pity it is that women can't be born into their clothes.

Dr. Mary Walker refuses to take the idea of dying under consideration until further notice.

Washington hobble skirt wearers have won their campaign for lower car steps. Men are not so bad, after all.

Add this to the high cost of living reports: "A Missouri girl wants $2,000 for seven kisses."

OUR COOK BOOK.

Ginger Cookies Without Eggs.

Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of buttermilk, one cup of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon of cinnamon, four level teaspoons of soda and flour enough to make a stiff dough that will roll out.—Mrs. P. A. Foulke, Pa.

Spareribs and Potatoes.

Cut up some spareribs, quarter and peel potatoes, slice some little onions, salt and pepper the whole, cover the potatoes with the ribs, add a little hot water and bake brown. Make a gravy in the pan and serve from the pan.—Mrs. J. B. Nebraska.

Blackberry Cake for Summer.

One cup of butter or lard, two cups of sugar, three eggs, two cups of stewed blackberries, four cups of flour, two teaspoons of soda, one teaspoon of nutmeg, one teaspoon of cinnamon and one teaspoon of cloves. This makes two large layers.—Mrs. E. P. M. from Pennsylvania.

Chocolate Pie.

The yolks of three eggs, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, three tablespoons of chocolate, two tablespoons of cornstarch. Cook in a double boiler, beat the whites of the eggs with sugar for frosting and brown in the oven.—A. C. J.

Breakfast Toast.

Put half grease left from the frying of meat in, and half butter. Let it heat in the pan and take slices of stale bread and dip them in cold milk. Fry them brown and take out on a plate and sprinkle with sugar laying one slice over the other.

Never-fail Doughnuts.

Two eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of sweet milk, one tablespoon of lard, nutmeg and a little salt; two teaspoons of baking powder in flour enough to make stiff. Fry in hot lard.—Sweet Marie.

Mock Mince Pie.

One-half cup of currants, two cups of apple sauce or fresh apples chopped, two cups of bread crumbs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sorghum molasses, two cups of water, one teaspoon each of cinnamon and allspice. Put on the stove and allow to heat thoroughly.—Mrs. H., Wisconsin.

A reader wishes a recipe for making a cream mayonnaise dressing for salads.

Dumb Animal Stories

The Pet Sheep—III.

I am quite an old sheep now, but still stay around the lawn. I never run in the field with the other sheep. Once my master put me in the field with the other sheep and I became so frightened that I jumped a high fence and ran to the house. I trembled so with fear that my little mistress came and put her arms around my neck, and told me I should not be hurt.

When I was a wee little baby lamb my mother died, and I was left without any way to get food, for I was too little to eat grass. Then my master brought me to the house and told his little girl to feed me with cow's milk to keep me alive. Her mother fixed a bottle with a goose quill in the neck

and they warmed the milk and put it into the bottle, and I ate from that until I was old enough to eat grass. Then I lived on the lawn and played with the children and we had a fine time. My mistress named me Dame.

Every spring I have a nice crop of wool, and my master makes me lie on a board and cuts my wool all off. My little mistress stands by and tells him not to hurt me. Sometimes the shears slip and cut my hide. Then my mistress cries, but I cannot do anything but kick a little because her father holds me so fast.

I have a good time, but some poor sheep do not get enough to eat and almost die for the want of water in hot weather. We are all afraid of big dogs. Some folks think we do not need to be cared for, but we do and we are very grateful to people who are kind to us.—Margaret Kent.

POETS' CORNER

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

Author Unknown.

Come hither, Evan Cameron! Come, stand beside my knee;
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountainside, there's war within the blast,
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past.
I hear the pibroch wailing, amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down to battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee and tamed the Lindsay's pride,
But never have I told thee yet how the great marquis died!

A traitor sold him to his foes—oh deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armed men—
Face him as thou would'st face the man who wronged thy sire's renown,
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.

They brought him to the water-gate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there and not an armed man;
They sat him high upon a cart—(the hangman rode below)—
They drew his hands behind his back, and bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered—the common throng—
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye—
The rabble rout forbore to shout and each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder through all the people crept
And some that came to scoff at him, now turned aside and wept.

Had I been there with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets had pealed the slogan cry,
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailed men—
Not all the rebels in the south had borne us backward then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there.

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet on the polluted floor
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sat before.
With savage glee came Warristown to read the murderous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room:

"Now, by my faith as belted knight and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above us there,
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath, and oh, that such should be!
By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you and me,
I have not sought in battlefield a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown!

"There is a chamber far away, where sleep the good and brave,
But better place ye've named for me than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might, this hand has always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still in the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—give every town a limb—
And God, who made, shall gather them; I go from you to Him."

The morning dawned full darkly, the rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt lit up the gloomy town;
The thunder crashed across the heaven, the fatal hour was come.
Yet ave broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below and anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see him die.

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet! How dismal 'tis to see
The great, tall spectral skeleton, the ladder and the tree.
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms, the bells begin to toll—
He is coming! He is coming! God's mercy on his soul!
One long, last peal of thunder—the clouds are cleared away
And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the dazzling day.

He is coming! He is coming! Like a bridegroom from his room
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead, and lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die;
There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marveled as they saw him pass, that great and good man!

He mounted up the scaffold, and he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people, and he might speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens and they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether the eye of God shone through.
Yet a black and murky battlement lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—all else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers, with anxious scowl, drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign, but alone he bent his knee
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose and cast his cloak away,
For he had taken his latest look of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder, as it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud and a stunning thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft—fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—the work of death was done.

THE MAN OF GALILEE

Author Unknown.

I am on a shining pathway
Adown life's shortening years,
And my heart has known its sorrow,
Mine eyes have seen their tears;
But I saw those shadows free,
And the shining light I see
While I'm trusting in the merit
Of the man of Galilee.

My poor soul hath had its conflicts
With mighty hosts of sin
With the deadly foes without me,
And darker woes within;
But when I saw those legions flee,
And my soul found victory,
When I trusted in the merit
Of the man of Galilee.

I am coming near the city
My Savior's hands have piled,
And I know my Father's waiting
To welcome home his child;
For unworthy though I be
He will find a place for me,
For He is King of Glory
The man of Galilee.

Slavery Days and The Roaming Cowman are poems requested by a reader.

The Summer Sun Is Slowly Sinking is a requested poem.

How the Weed Came to Be Used, is wanted by several readers.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

A TRIP ABROAD

I am going to tell you of the sea-voyage in my trip to Belfast, Ireland, last June. It was a beautiful morning when we left New York and there were hundreds of people who had come down to see the ship sail. As we went down the harbor some people were laughing and cheering while some were crying as they called goodby to the people who were leaving them. Some on board ship did not expect to return to America so for a few it was a pleasure trip and for more it was a sad parting. We had a most delightful trip and there were lovely people among the passengers. The last thing that we saw before the nine days of sea was the Liberty light and about mid-week a warship which exchanged messages with us. It was a smooth sea we sailed on nearly all the way over. We saw many sea gulls as we neared the other side. In the roughest part of the trip we were rocked to sleep with the ship heaving to and fro and with the sound of the waves dashing up against the side of the ship and over the port-holes. Nevertheless we were in the ship with the waves outside and we enjoyed every single moment of it. There were three concerts held, the first in the first cabin, the next in the second and the third in the steerage. Next time I shall tell you of Ireland and its people.—L. R. Bellefont, Pa.

MAPLE SUGAR TIME

Dear Friends—One little deed done in a spirit of friendship and thoughtfulness has caused me to try to interest our corner for a brief moment. And it was done in a way of "let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth" as I find no name or address. I will take this way to thank Bachelor from Ohio for his favor of the flower seeds. Flowers are certainly lovely to me. My first flower seeds are planted now. They are fairy roses. I don't always have especially good luck with them, but I intend to try harder this year than I did last. It is such a lovely day outside as I write that it makes me feel it must be time soon to plant all the seeds. Sugar-making is here at present. We have a great kettle of it now just ready to mold. I wish some of the Blade friends could be here with spoons to eat some. I love the woods now. It is true they are not beautiful at this time of the year, muddy under foot with bare trees around and only stray bits of moss here and there in nooks and corners, and an occasional bunch of red berries to brighten things up a little as it is too early for flowers and grass. But we have the merry twitter of a few birds that have remained with us all winter and better still the merry whistle of the boys and singing of the girls while they go from tree to tree carrying the water to the sleds to be hauled back to the camp by the big team of gentle horses. It is a pleasure to me. We can find pleasure in a great many things that outwardly seem unpleasant, if we but look for it. Yours for sunshine and happiness—Kitye Kern, Indiana.

HAPPINESS BEGINS AT HOME.

I am going to stop for a bit of a word with you. I want to talk over poetry, good books and the drama with those who are interested, for I love those things. I am not yet 21, and our little girl is two and one-half years old. She is very cunning, sensible and good and I agree with the mother of four from Tennessee, that a child is the light of the home. But I think one child is quite care enough. I am sure I should be lost without my little girl. She has her cousins and small aunts to play with, so she is never lonely. I think it is a pleasure to have a healthy child and a good husband to keep house for, and I love to make them happy. I guess making my little girl and husband happy, caring for a nice house and keeping up with the poetry, drama and good books are my hobbies if I have any. I like to make others happy also, but I think true happiness begins at home. I would like to hear from Slippery Jim and the Mother of Four on the Peace Page again. I think Slippery Jim has the right spirit.—Mrs. G. A. D., of Pennsylvania.

LEARN HOW TO COOK!

Dear Friends of the Peace Page—As it has been a couple of years since I wrote you I will come again, as Bunk said, "We would be beaten with many stripes if we did not do our duty in this life." I suppose Bunk has left for parts unknown, as we never see a letter from him in the Peace Page any more. I am among the shut-ins with three little ones to take care of this winter and I shall indeed be glad when the "good old summer time" is here again. I am always happy when I am well enough to do for my family and with all the duties and sorrows of each day I manage to hum a song of some kind, and my little girl of two will say, "Mamma, sing," and she even tries to help me. My hobbies are singing and cooking. If you all don't believe it, come and see. I am much interested in the good recipes. I think, above all things, a mother that knows how to cook should never fail to teach her daughters. I think it is a very important thing for girls to know how to cook, even above anything else, and I think the men would all say "Amen" to that, as very few men like to eat the hit-and-miss meals that some wives cook for them. I want always to be a good cook and I thank my mother for teaching me from girlhood. It makes me feel proud when a neighbor phones to me and asks me about ways to cook things. I long to know more about music and cooking each day.—Violet from Fostoria, Ohio.

THE BLADE BOYS AND GIRLS

Story of a Trip.

Hello, Readers—This is my first letter and perhaps after you read it you will hope it will be my last. But I want to tell you a bit about the things we do here. I am 14 years of age. That is the first thing I wanted to tell you. My people moved last spring, or rather last winter. It was February and the snow was a foot deep and in the road it was tramped into a solid form, almost ice, and it was dreadfully cold. We lived in the country about seven miles from the river and as that was the only way of reaching our new home, as cheaply as we desired to, we decided to move across the river. One morning, on the 22d of February, Washington's birthday, we got into my uncle's sleigh and, leaving the wagons far behind, we set out from home. The sleigh had been brought because a wagon would break through the mud and coat of trampled snow. A sleigh glides smoothly over the crust. We stopped at the house of one of papa's friends over night, to wait for the boat. Just before evening the wagons came in. About 9 o'clock we went to bed and about 2 the boat came. We went to the landing and got aboard. Then about 4 o'clock we commenced to be hungry and about 5 we ate our lunch of chicken, buns, butter and some very strong coffee, which papa got from the steward. Then we waited till about noon when we arrived "right side up with care." That afternoon we hauled our furniture up to the new house. Then at night we ate a hasty supper and went to work putting up beds. Mother's brother came up with some window blinds. They got one bed made and went back to get another when we boys took advantage of them and crawled into bed. In less than a minute we were asleep and we did not hear another sound until morning.—Willie Haythorn, Ohio.

Has a Busy Existence.

I read the Peace Page and I am getting more interested in it each week, but I have never written anything for the paper. They say there must always be a beginning, so I will begin now. I am 15 years of age and I go to a school about one-half mile from my home. I am in the eighth grade and I love to study. I live about one-half mile from Lake Erie. Our home was just built last year and my father did his own building. I am a great lover of nature and I also love drawing and music. I have a piano and a violin from which I get much music. For my drawing I like to take scenes from nature. There is a nice ice pond a short distance from my home and, of course, I go skating. We also have coasting parties which I enjoy, as I have a fine sled. My pet is a Shetland pony, a perfect dear, which I won't try to describe this time. I am almost always happy, but I did not have the pleasure of saying that I was always healthy, but I am now, and I like winter. Just the same, when spring comes I am always glad to see it, for it has so many pleasures. I am rather too tender-hearted with dumb animals and it upsets me dreadfully to see any animal ill-treated. I am almost sure to be friends with people who have sympathy with dumb animals that nature has not provided with a tongue to tell their troubles. I would like to see more letters from jolly girls and boys.—Hilarity, Pa.

Has Eleven Pets.

Dear Readers—I am 11 years old and I have had The Blade sent to me for a birthday present from my grandmother. There is no better paper printed for children. The readers write such interesting stories and letters. They are like the stories in a regular book. I have 11 pets of my own. Does that seem like quite a few to you? One is a kitten, one a dog, and then there are nine little bantam chickens, three of which are roosters. It is very cold here and snows almost every day. On one of the coldest days I found a little black and white kitten on the street. He was dirty and thin and he came up to me and cried so hard that I picked him up and took him home. I fed him and he caught a mouse the next day. Since he has been fed and taken care of he is the prettiest kitten I ever saw. I had three banties at first and I raised the other six myself. I dress them up in doll clothes and play that they are live, walking and squeaking dolls, when I play house with my little sister. I live in Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania. My grandmother lives 40 miles away from here and I am going to surprise her with my letter.—Margaret Palmer, Pa.

SHORT AND SWEET

Annabell Mann, Nebraska — Don't be discouraged, but write us again. Tell us about the violet-gathering.

Delia Linebaugh, Mich.—You have so many wonderful things to tell us about that you could write a letter nearly every week. Tell us about the country school, the things your pets do, the way they are going to harness your river to get electric power and how the river looks now. We shall be glad to hear it.

Blue Eyes From Pa.—Three miles to go to school is quite a walk for a little girl, and especially when the snow is so deep where you live. We can understand why you did not like to go.

Mae Wark, West Hartford, Vermont, has a birthday on May 4 and she would be glad to hear from anyone on that day.

Marcia Davenport, Maine—Thank you for the good wishes. We will try and find the song your grandmother desires.

Ida Short, W. Va. — Write again, anyway. We are just as eager to publish your letters as you are to have them published.

Harold Myers, Ohio—That was a beautiful poem you sent us and we wish we might have published it. However, we use no original poems.

Margaret McGregor, N. Y.—Why not send us a picture of the baby sister, who is "going to grow up to be a Blade reader?"

Lillian Tarbutton, Ohio—We like winter best and sometimes we like the country best, too. But the cities have their good points.

Black Eyes from North Carolina asks why we have heard nothing more from Earnest Meadows.

Cecil Cobb, Kentucky—"I like to go to school so much that I wish I could go every day during the year. I am a happy girl." Your letter sounds it and you want to keep on being happy and contented with things as they are all your life.

FAT VANISHES
ONE POUND A DAY
NEW DRUGLESS TREATMENT
GET MY FREE BOOK
COMMENCE REDUCING AT ONCE
Thousands of Grateful Patrons Praise My Wondrous Drugless Fat Treatment.
$5,000.00 IN GOLD IF I FAIL

WEIGHT REDUCTION WITHOUT DRUGS
REMOVE YOUR FAT MY WAY
THIS BOOK FOR FAT FOLKS ONLY WHO WISH TO REDUCE THEIR WEIGHT WITH THIS GREAT DRUGLESS TREATMENT

FAT GOES QUICK—NEW WAY.

My friends were charitable and called it **Obesity**; others said I was STOUT, but I know it was just bulky fat. I was miserable; so are you if too stout. To reduce your weight you must do as I did. **I FOUND THE CURE—THE REST WAS EASY.** Before I succeeded I tried everything within, and some things beyond reason. It was maddening, disgusting. All I had to do was remove the cause, and I guarantee, that by my simple treatment, without drugs, medicine, violent exercises, or starvation diet, I reduced my enormous weight permanently, quickly and positively without harm to myself while taking treatment or afterwards, and I guarantee that you can reduce as little or as much fat as you desire, with my treatment just as I did. **TRUE SUCCESS AT LAST.** With my safe, sensible and natural treatment quick results are pleasantly obtained **without** straps, belts, cups, wires, jackets, sweating, electricity, soap, salts, pills, oils, cathartics, drugs or medicines of any description, making it positively the greatest, most eagerly sought treatment the world has ever known. If you are interested in your own happiness, health and figure, you will let me tell you how to reduce fat "Nature's Way," the true way—my way. **BETTER GET RID OF THAT FAT BEFORE FAT GETS RID OF YOU.** It is astonishing the thousands of grateful letters I am receiving. J. E. Boiselle, Box 422, Great Bend, Kan., lost fifty pounds with my harmless treatment. W. L. Schmitz, Montevideo, Minn., lost 30 pounds. Mamie McNelly, Desloge, Mo., lost 65 pounds with this new treatment. Mrs. Daisy Smith, Los Angeles, lost 164 lbs. safely, and I can send you thousands of names of satisfied patrons.

I publish a book, entitled: "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," which I send free and prepaid so that you may know of my successful treatment and be able to permanently reduce your weight, secretly, without harming yourself. **I offer $5,000 in cash if I fail to prove that my great drugless treatment is anything but safe, quick and harmless in fat-reduction.**

Don't fail to write today for my free book.

MARJORIE HAMILTON,
164 A. C. B. Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Sick Women

When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured many cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are five letters from southern women which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

Elliston, Va.—"I feel it my duty to express my thanks to you and your great medicine. I was a sufferer from female troubles and had been confined in bed over one third of my time for ten months. I could not do my housework and had fainting spells so that my husband could not leave me alone for five minutes at a time.

"Now I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. Whenever I see a suffering woman I want to tell her what these medicines have done for me and I will always speak a good word for them."—Mrs. Robert Blankenship, Elliston, Montgomery Co., Va.

LETTER FROM LOUISIANA.

New Orleans, La.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was troubled with hot flashes, weak and dizzy feelings, backache and irregularities. I would get up in the morning feeling tired out and not fit to do anything.

"Since I have been taking your Compound and Blood Purifier I feel all right. Your medicines are worth their weight in gold."—Mrs. Gaston Blondeau, 1541 Polymnia St., New Orleans, La.

LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

Wauchula, Fla.—"Some time ago I wrote to you giving you my symptoms, headache, backache, bearing-down, and discomfort in walking, caused by female troubles.

"I got two bottles of Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Sanative Wash and that was all I used to make me a well woman.

"I am satisfied that if I had done like a good many women, and had not taken your remedies, I would have been a great sufferer. But I started in time with the right medicine and got well. It did not cost very much either. I feel that you are a friend to all women and I would rather use your remedies than have a doctor."—Mrs. Mattie Hodnot, Box 406, Wauchula, Florida.

LETTER FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

Martinsburg, W. Va.—"I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done wonders for my mother, daughter and myself.

"I have told dozens of people about it and my daughter says that when she hears a girl complaining with cramps, she tells her to take your Compound."—Mrs. Mary A. Hockenberry, 712 N. 3rd St., Martinsburg, W. Va.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

Newport News, Va.—"About five years ago I was troubled with such pains and bloating every month that I would have to go to bed.

"A friend told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I soon found relief. The medicine strengthened me in every way and my doctor approved of my taking it.

"I will be glad if my testimony will help some one who is suffering from female weakness."—Mrs. W. J. Blayton, 1029 Hampton Ave., Newport News, Va.

Why don't you try this reliable remedy?

DIVINE A charming, fascinating perfume. A 25c bottle pkg. sent to anybody for 10c. Cupid, lock box 7, Spangler, Pa.

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Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY Book of descriptions and photos, mailed sealed, FREE. THE EXCHANGE, Dept. H, Kansas City, Mo.

PILES CURED NO CURE NO PAY—In any other words you do not pay one small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German American Institute, 981 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

TOBACCO-BAN GUARANTEED. Nature's remedy for tobacco in 70 to 120 hours. Write today. BANNER REMEDY CO. 27 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

Develop Your Bust

10c Package FREE to Any Woman Who Wants a Beautiful Figure.

Women need no longer be humiliated and embarrassed because they are thin, flat chested and not developed, for science has found a simple way to give the beautiful curves of a perfect figure. To prove this let us send you free of charge a 60c package that will show you how easily the bust can be developed from two to seven inches, and become full, plump and firm. This discovery, that is of such vital interest to all thin women, is the result of long study and investigation by one of the leading women physicians in New York State, who, in seeking to overcome the defects in her own figure without the use of "pads" or forms, discovered a happy combination of tissue-building elements that increased her bust measure three inches, made her arms round and full, and her neck and shoulders plump and beautiful.

The prescription of Dr. Catherine Kelly's is the final discovery on far different lines from the usual discovery on far different lines from the usual dangerous treatment, and this new figure developing treatment is positive in its claims almost uniform success.

Dr. Kelly not only gained a beautiful form by her own prescription, but used it successfully with many of her patients. Women, this is a special message from a physician of your own sex, and all we ask is the opportunity to show you without any expense on your part.

COUPON FREE 50c Treatment DR. KELLY'S FORM DEVELOPER 44CA

Dr. Kelly's Form Developer will give a perfect figure, beautiful complexion and better general health. Send the little coupon above and 10c for expenses, and a 50c treatment will be mailed at once in plain package. Write or today. DR. KELLY MEDICAL Dept 44CA, Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE ON TRIAL TO ALL CATARRH SUFFERERS

If You Have Catarrh, Colds, Sore Throat, Buzzing in Head, Headache, or Any Other Catarrh Symptoms, —Try The— CO-RO-NA MEDICATOR On Five Days' FREE TRIAL

Our new treatment is applied direct. No liquid drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. It stops the hawking and spitting, relieves the maddening head-noises, does away with the nauseating dropping of the mucus into the mouth, and the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes and leaves the head as clear as a bell.

The little pocket Co-ro-na is worth its weight in gold. It relieves the head, throat and lungs so quickly that a cold need no longer be the forerunner of La Grippe, Pneumonia and Consumption. We want you to simply try the Co-ro-na 5 days at our expense and note the quick results. Nearly a quarter million satisfied patrons.

SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER

We will send you, prepaid, one of our new Co-ro-na Medicator, charged with medicines and complete directions for a quick home cure on a 5 Days' Free Trial. If it gives perfect satisfaction after 5 days' trial, send $1.00. If you are not satisfied mail back the Medicator (costs only 2c postage) and you still have your money. We deal fairly with everyone, and want no one's money unless benefited. Write today—do it right now.

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Have you wind on the stomach, sour stomach, constipation, nausea or heavy feeling after eating? Then you are also sure to get a sudden attack of the treacherous Appendicitis at some time when you least expect it.

Do you want to get INSTANT relief from all your bowel and stomach trouble? To be positively safe from Appendicitis? So you can eat anything you want to and as much as you want to without ever giving Appendicitis a thought?

Then write your name below, enclose a 2-cent stamp and you will get the ADLER-I-KA BOOK entirely free. It's different from any book you ever saw; it tells what only few doctors know; it is a surprise and astonish you. It shows many curious pictures and tells how you can INSTANTLY relieve bowel or stomach trouble, how Appendicitis is caused, how it can be cured without operation and HOW YOU CAN EASILY PREVENT it. You wouldn't take $10.00 for what you will learn from this book—yet it's free for a 2-cent stamp. Address: Adlerika Co., Dept. 21 St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Address .....

SAYS TAFT IS FOR RULE BY BOSSES

Roosevelt, in Speech in Maine, Makes Pointed Attack on President.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., March 25.—Greatly elated over the reception he received on his trip through Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine to Portland, Colonel Roosevelt returned last night to Oyster Bay.

"It was a most satisfactory trip," he said, "and gives promise to very important practical results. I felt from the first that the people felt that they could trust me and that they knew I am fighting in their behalf."

Longer Trip is Urged.

Judge Lindsay again urged Colonel Roosevelt to extend his western trip on which he starts Tuesday, so as to take in the more important cities in Nebraska and perhaps to include other western states. As a result the colonel probably will add a day to his schedule and invade Nebraska in an effort to offset the campaign being conducted by Senator La Follette.

The colonel spent 12 hours in Portland and received a cordial welcome. He was the chief guest at a luncheon and a dinner, shook hands steadily for two hours in the afternoon, attended a conference of Maine politicians and spoke for an hour before a crowd which filled the Armory auditorium.

Col. Roosevelt repeated the statement which he made in his New York speech Wednesday night that President Taft had declared in favor of a government "by a representative part of the people."

Government by the Bosses.

"In its actual workings," he said, "the President's scheme would be a government of the people for the people by the bosses."

Col. Roosevelt named Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania; Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire; William Barnes, Jr., of New York; Congressman McKinley, the President's campaign manager, and Congressman Tawney, of Minnesota, as representing "the chief present adherents of the President," and said that they were "precisely the men who, under the President's theory, would be, as they to a certain degree already are, the representative part of the people which governs the rest of the people, and which does not really represent them at all, but misrepresents them.'"

The speaker added that the difference between what he termed President Taft's theory of government and Lincoln's theory explains why in so many matters "the progressives do not feel that the President, however good his intentions, can properly represent them or pay to progressive ideas the kind of loyalty which results in the translation of words into action."

Platform Collapses.

The collapse of the speaker's platform created some excitement, although Col. Roosevelt was uninjured. The platform, which was elevated about three feet from the floor, was occupied by about 30 persons. As Col. Roosevelt ascended it on entering the hall, it gave way with a crash. The middle portion sank to the floor.

Col. Roosevelt stepped quickly to the front of the structure, which did not give way, and waved his hand at the crowd to show he was uninjured. A chair was placed on the edge of the platform and during the remainder of the evening Col. Roosevelt remained placidly at the front of the weakened stage.

This was Col. Roosevelt's first visit to Maine since August, 1902. When he arrived here shortly after noon he was welcomed by a large crowd, while at the reception in his honor he stood in the parlor of a hotel for two hours and shook hands with a stream of persons which moved by him as rapidly as it could be urged forward.

LAWRENCE STRIKE ENDS

Leaders Think Struggle Has Accomplished Its Purpose.

Boston, March 25.—The great Lawrence strike, which brought in its train increased wages for 275,000 textile workers in New England, was officially declared off at all the mills in Lawrence Sunday, having accomplished its purpose, in the opinion of the leaders.

In this connection it is generally believed, too, that advances in wages or reduction in hours to paper mill employes, bagging and burlap workers, machinists and operatives in other industries are all traceable, directly or indirectly, to the movement which had its origin in Lawrence. The total number of persons thus to benefit is nearly 300,000.

The Consumer Must Help.

Advances in the prices of woolen and cotton goods, which have been made or which are in prospect, probably will place upon the ultimate consumer much of the burden of additional cost to the textile manufacturers. This will aggregate between $10,000,000 and $12,000,000 during the next year, it is estimated. Agents, in announcing advances in prices, have said frankly that the upward trend was due to the increased wages of employes.

The result in the price of cotton goods announced up to today is comparatively small—a fraction of a cent a yard in most cases—but selling agents predict that the net advance to the retailer ultimately may reach two cents a yard. Some increased prices have also been quoted on woolen goods and dealers freely predict higher prices for next season.

New Strike Seems Near.

New Bedford, where the manufacturers of the finer grades of cotton goods have refused to accede to the demands of their employes for an additional five per cent. has displaced Lawrence as the center of interest in the textile situation. Unless the mill owners give the increase demanded within a few days it is feared a strike of from 25,000 to 30,000 operatives will follow.

While an increase of five per cent has been offered, the New Bedford operatives are insistent that they receive 10 per cent. Secretary Devoll, of the Manufacturers' Association, has promised them that the mill owners will decide early in the week whether this will be granted.

The suggestion has been made that an immediate increase of 7 1-2 per cent be given, with a promise of an additional 2 1-2 per cent on a given date. This may be the basis of a compromise.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., March 26.—Aside from support from cables, wheat bulls found little encouragement in early market developments. Liverpool opened strong on firmness at Buenos Ayres. No serious damage reports are heard on the new crop from foreign countries. Toledo cash opened unchanged at $1.01½. May unchanged at $1.02½. July ⅛c lower at $1.00 and September ¼c off at 98c.

A report of 100 loads sold for export at New York braced the market late in the day and carried a sharp rally. Cash closed 1c up at $1.02½. May 1¼ higher at $1.03¼. July ½c up at $1.00⅝, and September ⅜c up at 98½c.

Corn opened rather weak, with May unchanged at 72½c, and July and September ⅜c lower at 73½c. May lost ¼c before midday.

Closing corn prices. Cash 71½c, May 74⅛c, July and September 74⅝c.

Oats lost ¼c to ½c on the cal, but was a trifle firmer later in the morning. May started ⅜c off at 56c, July ½c down at 51½c, and September ¼c off at 44c.

Cash oats closed at 56c, May at 56½c, July at 52⅜c, and September at 44½c.

Opening about 10c lower, clover seed braced soon after the cal land by 10 a. m. had recovered practically all the ground lost. Cash and March started 10c lower at $13.10, April 2½c off at $12.55 and October 2½c higher at $9.02½.

Clover seed dropped abruptly, cash and March closing 25c off at $12.95, April 22½c down at $12.35, and October 2½c up at $9.00. Receipts were 20 bags. Shipments were 555 bags.

TOLEDO.

	High.	Low.	Mar. 26.	Close Mar. 25.
Wheat—Open.				
Cash 1.01¼	....	....	1.02½	1.01½
May 1.02¾	....	1.02¼	1.03¼	1.02½
July 1.00	....	....	1.00⅝	1.00⅛
Sept. 98	....	....	98½	98¾
Corn—				
Cash	....	....	71½	71¾
May 73½	....	73¼	74¼	73¾
July 73½	....	....	74⅝	73⅞
Sept. 73½	....	....	74⅜	73⅝
Oats—				
Cash	....	....	56	56
May 56	....	....	56½	56⅜
July 51½	....	....	52¾	52
Sept. 44	....	....	44½	44¼
Clover Seed—				
Cash 13.10	13.20	....	12.95	13.20
March ..13.10	13.20	....	12.95	13.20
April ..12.55	....	....	12.35	12.57½
Oct. 9.02½	9.05	....	9.02½	9.00
No. 2	....	12.80	12.80	....
No. 3	....	12.65	12.75	....
Rejected	....	12.40	12.55	....
N. L. G.	....	9.00	12.10	....
Rye—				
No. 2	....	....	92	92
Timothy—				
Cash	....	....	7.15	7.05
March	....	....	7.15	7.05
Alsike—				
Cash	....	....	12.80	12.75
March ..	....	....	12.80	12.75

CHICAGO.

Wheat—				
May 1.03	1.03¾	1.02½	1.03½	1.02¾
July 98¼	98¾	97⅞	98⅝	98
Sept. 96¼	96½	95⅝	96⅝	95⅞
Corn—				
May 72	72⅞	71⅝	72¾	72⅛
July 73¼	73⅞	72⅝	73¾	73⅛
Sept. 72	....	71⅛	72⅞	72⅛
Oats—				
May 53⅞	54⅛	53⅜	54	53⅜
July 49⅝	50⅛	49⅛	50⅛	49⅝
Sept. 42⅜	....	42¼	42⅞	42⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—				
May 1.08	1.08¾	1.07⅝	1.08⅝	1.08
July 1.03⅜	....	....	1.04¼	1.03¾

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
May 1.01¼	1.02	1.01	1.01⅞	1.01⅛
July 95⅜	96⅛	....	96	95½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—				
May	....	....	1.07	1.06½
July	....	....	1.08½	1.07⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—				
May	....	....	1.07⅝	1.07
July	....	....	1.08¼	1.07¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—				
May 16.02	....	16.00	16.85	16.55
July 16.92	17.17	....	16.12	16.87
Sept. 17.25	17.50	....	17.47	17.17
Lard—				
May 9.65	....	....	9.75	9.63
July 9.82	....	....	9.95	9.80
Sept. 10.05	....	....	10.12	10.00
Ribs—				
May 9.40	....	....	9.52	9.35
July 9.52	....	....	9.70	9.47
Sept. 9.72	....	....	9.87	9.67

New York Stocks.

New York, March 26, 1912.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	130¾	130¾	129	130
Am. Loco. com.	40	40	39¾	39¾
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	128¼	128½	126½	128½
Atchison	108¾	109	108¾	108¾
Am. Car & F. Co.	57¼	57⅞	56⅝	57⅝
Anaconda	41¾	41⅝	41	41⅝
Amal. Copper	80¼	81⅝	79¾	80½
Am. Smelters	87⅜	88	86¾	87¾
Am. Ag. Chem. com.	62⅜	63	62¼	62¾
Am. Steel Fdy.	32	32	32	32
Am. Tel. & Tel.	140	140	138½	139¾
Am. Tobacco pfd.	105	105	105	105
Am. Cotton Oil	54½	54½	54	54
Am. Beet Sugar	59⅜	62	59⅜	61¾
Biscuit com.	150½	150½	149¾	149¾
Balt. & Ohio	106¾	106¾	106¼	106¾
Penn R. Trans.	83½	83½	82⅜	83¼
Cent. Pipe com.	16⅝	16⅝	16¼	16⅜
Beth. Steel com.	32½	34⅜	32½	33⅝
Chicago & G. W.	19½	19½	19⅛	19⅜
Chicago G. W. pfd.	37½	37½	37½	37½
Canadian Pac.	234	234	232	233¾
Clover Leaf	158	161	158	160
Clover Leaf pfd.	94¾	94¾	94¼	94¼
Colorado Fuel	29	30	28¾	29¾
Ches. & Ohio	78¾	78¾	77¼	77¾
Central Leather	23½	24⅜	23	24
Consolidated Gas	142	144	141¾	143¾
Can common	22	23¼	21⅞	22⅝
Can. pfd.	100¾	100¾	100	100½
Chino Copper	27¼	27¼	27¼	27¼
Corn Product com.	15⅜	16⅛	15⅜	16⅛
Del. & Hudson	171	171	170½	170½
Distillers' Sec.	33⅝	33¼	32¾	33
Erie com.	37½	37¾	36¾	36¾
Erie 1st pfd.	56½	56½	55⅝	56
Gt. Northern pfd.	124	124	123¾	123¾
Gt. Northern Ore.	41¾	41¾	41	41
Ill. Central	132	132½	131	131½
Int. Harvester com.	117¾	117¾	116¾	117¾
Interborough com.	19¼	20⅜	19	20⅜
Interborough pfd.	58⅜	62	58⅜	61⅝
K. C. Sou. com.	28⅜	28¾	28¾	28¾
Lehigh Valley	166¾	166¾	165¼	166¼
Louis. & Nash.	151¾	151¾	151¼	151¼
Mex. Marine pfd.	23⅞	24⅝	23⅜	24⅜
Missouri Pacific	46	46⅞	45⅝	46⅝
M. S. M.	136	136½	136	136½
M., K. & T. com.	30	31	29⅝	29⅝
Miami	25¼	25¾	25¼	25¼
North. Pacific	123	123	122¼	122¼
National Lead	58¼	58¼	58	58
Nevada Con's.	20⅜	20¼	20¼	20¼
Northwestern	142¾	142¾	142¼	142¼
North Am. Co.	78¾	79⅜	78¾	79⅛
N. Y. Central	113½	113½	113¼	113¼
N. & W. com.	110	110¾	110	110¾
N. & W. Con. 4's	110¾	110¾	110¾	110¾
Ont. & Western	30	30¼	29	29¼
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	34¾	34¾	34¾	34¾
Penn. Ry.	124½	124½	123¾	123¾
Pacific Mail	33½	33½	32¾	33
Ray Con's.	18¾	18⅝	18¼	18¼
Reading com.	161¾	162¼	159¾	160¾
Rock Island	27¾	27¾	27¼	27¼
Rock Island pfd.	54¾	54¾	54¼	54¼
Rep. I. and S. Co.	22¾	22¾	22¼	22½
Rep. pfd.	74	74	73¼	73¼
Ry. Steel Springs	32½	32½	32	32
South. Ry.	30	30	29¾	29¾
So. Ry. pfd.	76	76	75¾	75¾
St. Paul	109¾	109¾	108¾	109¼
South. Pacific	111¾	112⅜	111¾	112⅜
So. Pac. Con. 4's	96¼	96¼	96¼	96¼
Texas Pacific	24½	24½	24¼	24¼
Tenn. Copper	40	40¼	39¾	40
Union Pacific	170⅝	170⅝	169½	170⅜
Union Pacific pfd.	91¾	92	91¾	91¾
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	103¼	103¼	103¼	103¼
U. S. Steel	69	69	67¾	68¼
U. S. Steel pfd.	118½	118⅝	117¾	117¾
U. S. Steel 5's	102	102	102¼	102¼
U. S. Rubber com.	52⅞	55	52⅞	54¾
Utah Copper	61⅜	61⅝	60⅝	61⅜
Virginia Chem.	54¾	54⅝	54¼	54⅜
Western Md.	64	64	64	64
Wabash com.	6⅜	6⅝	6⅜	6⅝
Wabash pfd.	18½	18½	18⅜	18⅜
Western Union	84	84¼	83¾	84¼
Westinghouse	78¾	80	78½	79¼

Money and Stocks.

New York, March 26.—(Wall Street.)—Gains and losses were quite equally divided at the opening of today's stock market. Most of the market leaders, including United States Steel, Union Pacific, Amalgamated Copper and American Smelting, were down, the latter a full point. Denver & Rio Grande preferred advanced a point, with fractional gains in other obscure railway issues and Canadian Pacific.

The irregularity of the opening was followed by increased heaviness, American Smelting declining 1¾. Other market leaders, such as United States Steel, Reading, Union Pacific and Amalgamated Copper recorded losses ½ to ¾. American Can, common, continued its upward progress and American Beet Sugar and Consolidated Gas were among the new issues taken in hand for advancement. The undertone of the list was halting in marked contrast with the previous day and dealings were in reduced volume.

The list strengthened in the second hour, but failed to display any of the previous day's early buoyancy. Losses in some leaders were partly restored, Reading especially showing the effect of steady demand. Improvement was scored by some of the independent steel stocks, and electrical shares also moved up. Activity in American Can, American Beet Sugar and Corn Products failed, for more or less patent reasons, to inspire enthusiasm. It was the general testimony that the market was acting unusually well in the face of the enormous realizing the past few days.

Bonds were steady.

Selling for the short account was somewhat effective during the noon hour, when all the leading stocks, Amalgamated Copper excepted, suffered further decline. The recession was rather leisurely, however, in no important instance save American Smelting exceeding an average of a full point.

Further weakness was shown by the prominent shares that put an effectual check to the marking up of minor specialties and the whole list became drooping and dull.

The Best Treatment for Itching Scalps and Falling Hair

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair. The next morning shampoo with Cuticura soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair. Notwithstanding Cuticura soap and ointment are sold everywhere, those wishing to try this treatment may do so without expense by sending to "Cuticura," Dept. 7N, Boston, for a free sample of Cuticura soap and ointment, with 32-page book on the skin and hair.

Toledo Produce.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 31@31½c; solid pack, 30@30½c.

Process Butter—Per 30 lb. tubs, 27c; rolls and prints, 28c; dairy, prime, 26c; packing stock, 20c; oleo, 17@21c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 18½@19c; New York state, 20c; brick, 22c; limburger, 20@21c; domestic, 22c; imported, 32c.

Eggs—Candled, fresh, 23½c; current receipts, 21½c.

Onions—Home-grown, 100 lbs., yellow, $4.50; red, $4.25; white boiling onions, 50-lb. crate, $3.00; Valencia, large case, $5.00; onion sets, bu., $2.00@2.25; garlic, 10c.

Celery—Cal., $1.20 bunch; Florida, $3.75@4.25.

Lettuce—Leaf, 9@10c; Cal. head, case, $4.00; hampers, $1.50.

Asparagus—Cal., 2-lb. bunch, 50c.

Rhubarb—Doz., 50@75c.

Cucumbers—Doz., $2.00.

Tomatoes—Fla., 4-basket crate, $4.00@4.50.

Wax Beans—Hamper, $4.50@5.00.

Mango Peppers—Crate, $3.75.

Potatoes—Michigan, 150-lb. sack, $3.35; bu., $1.80; Scotch, 168 lbs., $3.85.

Seed Potatoes—150-lb. sack, Early Rose, $2.75; Early Ohio, $3.75@4.00; Triumph, $3.60; Irish Cobbler, $3.75.

Sweet Potatoes—Delaware, hamper, $1.75.

Turnips—Bu., 65@75c.

Cabbage—Home-grown, lb., 3½c; ton, $65.00@70.00.

Spinach—Doz., 75c.

Cauliflower—Cal., dozen, $2.25.

Parsnips—Basket, $1.25.

Parsley—Doz., 75c.

Onions—40@45c.

Vegetable Oysters—Doz., 20c.

Hot House Radishes—25@30c.

Carrots—Lb., 1½c; Southern, doz., 75c.

Cranberries—Oak Bog, basket, $2.00; bbl., $6.00; late Howes, $8.50.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.00@2.00.

Strawberries—Qt., 50@55c.

Oranges—Cal., prime, $2.75@3.00; small sizes, $2.35@2.40; Indian River, $4.25.

Lemons—California, $4.00@4.50.

Limes—100, $1.25.

Grape Fruit—$5.00@5.50; Atwood, $7.00.

Apples—Baldwins $3.50@4.50; Russets, $3.00@3.50; Northern Spies, $3.50@4.50; Ben Davis, $3.25; Greenings, $3.25@3.50.

Grapes—Malaga, $5.00@6.00.

Figs—California, white, whole, 50-lb. box, 8¼c pound; Turkish, 13@16½c.

Dates—Tunis, 12-ounce box, 15c; Fard, lb., 10c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 10@10¼c; heavy and rough, 7¼c; calves, prime, 10@11c; fair, 8@9c.

Turkeys—Alive 18c.

Fowls—13@13½c; chickens, live, 14@15c.

Yearling lambs, 8@9c; spring lambs, 9@10c; sheep, 5@7c.

Steer beef, 9@11c; cow beef, 5@7c.

Heifers—7@9c.

Rabbits—Dozen, $1.75.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, March 26.—Hog receipts were light and the market ruled be higher. Shippers bought freely, quality was fair and the close was strong. Veal calf receipts were light and market firm. Cattle were quoted 25c higher.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.70@7.75; good mediums, $7.70@7.75; heavy yorkers, $7.70@7.75; light yorkers, $7.00@7.50; good pigs, $6.50@6.75; bulk of sales, $7.70@7.75; good mixed, $7.70@7.75; roughs and stags, $4.75@6.70.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $7.00@7.50; good to choice steers, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $6.25@6.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $6.00@6.50; common and light steers, $5.25@5.75; choice fat cows, $5.00@5.50; fair to good cows, $4.00@4.75; common cows, $3.50@3.75; canners and cutters, $2.00@3.50; prime export bulls, $5.00@5.50; good butcher bulls, $4.50@5.00; fair to good bologna, $4.00@4.50; common, $3.50@4.00; choice fat heifers, $5.50@6.00; fair to good heifers, $4.50@5.50; common to light heifers, $3.50@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.50@6.00; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.50; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@60; canners and cutters, $2.00@3.50.

Sheep and lambs—Prime wethers, $4.50@5.00; good to choice mixed, $4.00@4.50; fair to good, $3.00@4.00; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; lambs, choice, $7.50@7.90; fair to good, $7.00@7.50; culls, $5.00@6.50; yearlings, common to fair, $3.50@4.00.

Calves—Choice to extra, $8.50@9.00; fair to good, $7.50@8.50; common to light, $6.00@7.50; heavy and fed, $5.00@6.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, March 26.—Cattle—Receipts, 120; market strong. Veal calves—Receipts, 200; market strong; good to choice, $8.75@9.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 600; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 1,500; market 5c higher; extreme heavies, $7.80; mediums, $7.80; yorkers, $7.80; light yorkers, $7.80; pigs, $6.75; roughs, $6.65; stags, $5.75.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., March 26.—Cattle—Receipts, 300; active and steady. Veals—Receipts, 200; active at $5.00@10.50. Hogs—Receipts, 2,500; active and heavy, pigs, $5.00; heavies, $7.85@7.90; stags, $5.00@6.00; dairies, $7.50@7.90. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,000; active; lambs, $5.50@8.50; yearlings, $6.50@7.35.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 26.—Cattle—Receipts none. Hogs—Receipts, 1,500; heavy Yorkers, $8.00; light Yorkers, $7.75; pigs, $7.10. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,500; wool sheep, $6.25; wool lambs, $8.00; clipped sheep, $5.10; clipped lambs, $7.00. Calves—Receipts, 200; top, $9.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, March 26.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,000; market steady; beeves, $5.35@8.65; Texas steers, $4.60@5.90; western steers, $5.20@6.70; stockers and feeders, $4.25@6.50; cows and heifers, $2.50@6.75; calves, $5.50@8.15. Hogs—Receipts, 14,000; market quiet, 5@10c higher; light, 7.30@7.65; mixed, $7.30@7.65; heavy, $7.30@7.70; rough, $7.30@7.45; pigs, $5.20@7.15; bulk of sales, $7.50@7.65. Sheep—Receipts, 17,000; market steady; native, $3.90@6.85; western, $4.40@6.25; yearlings, $5.40@6.85; lambs, native, $3.75@7.75; western, $6.10@8.00.

Boston Wool.

Boston, March 26.—Dull trading with weakening prices mark the domestic wool market. The decline in values is especially noticeable in the finer grades, although holders have shown a willingness to dispose of cheaper wools at recessions. New Arizona wool is arriving slowly and sells readily at 20@22c. Interest in the new clip in other parts of the west is maintained, and it is reported that plenty of buyers are willing to take Montana at 18c. Old Ohio one-quarter blood brings 23c and some territory clothing has been sold in original bags at 18½c. Some Texas 12 months has changed hands at 53c. Fulled wool continues dull, but the foreign product is active.

Cotton.

New York, March 26.—Cotton futures opened steady; March, 10.36c; May, 10.41c; June, offered, 10.48c; July, 10.51c; Aug., 10.51c bid; Sept., 10.51c bid; Oct., 10.60c; Nov., 10.61c bid; Dec., 10.66c; Jan., 10.63c; Feb., offered, 10.64c.

The cotton market opened steady at an advance of 1 to 4 points in sympathy with better cables than due, but quickly eased off to the closing figures of last night under a renewal of yesterday's selling movement which again had the encouragement of more favorable weather in the south. The pressure was not aggressive, and the market during the middle of the morning was quiet and steady with prices ruling 2 or 3 points above the closing figures of last night on covering and buying of the near months by leading spot brokers. The demand for increased wages in some New England circles, which have not yet received the 10 per cent advance, seemed to attract less attention than the threatening situation in the domestic coal field.

The Western Belt forecast for unsettled weather with rains or snows tonight or tomorrow and reports that high water in the Mississippi was expected to bring a very severe strain on the levies of the Memphis district by the end of the week, were followed by a rather steadier market later in the forenoon with prices selling about 3 to 5 points net higher on covering, part of which seemed to come from New Orleans. Offerings increased some this bulge suggesting a continued disposition on the part of old longs to reduce lines on advances and the market at midday was back to within a point or two of yesterday's closing figures. Spot, quiet; middling uplands, 10.60c nominal. Estimated receipts at all the ports today 30,000 bales, against 22,310 last week and 9,675 last year. For the week 150,000, against 190,045 last week and 64,294 last year. Today's receipts at Galveston 9,032, against 4,315 last year; at New Orleans, 5,351, against 3,059 last year and at Houston, 5,206, against 2,914 last year.

MOTHERS' PENSION PREVENTS CRIME

Lucy Page Gaston Sees Children Saved if State Aids Widows.

St. Louis, March 22.—Pensioning of widowed mothers was advocated by Lucy Page Gaston, of Chicago, yesterday in an address on "State Aid for Dependent Mothers of Little Children," before the national congress of mothers.

"The widowed mother does not get a square deal," said Miss Gaston. "She is not equipped for a place in the industrial world, yet she cannot stay in the home and care for her children. She must neglect her natural responsibility in citizen training to support her offspring by entering the industrial world.

"Do away with the poverty-stricken homes where the mother must support her children and the jails will empty.

"Prisons reproach our citizens for not bearing the widowed mother's burdens that she may keep her offspring in the path of good citizenship. Our lack of appreciation of the responsibility of the state is the real cause of much of the crime we have to contend with in our government."

Favor Federal Child Bureau.

Pensioning of widowed and deserted mothers, rather than the placing of their children in charitable institutions, was urged by Miss Mary S. Garrett, chairman of the department of legislation, in the congress. She is connected with the Probation Association and juvenile court of Philadelphia. In her address she spoke in favor of the bill for the establishment of a federal children's bureau. The measure has passed the United States senate.

Miss Garrett recommended that the mothers' congress work for laws for the welfare of children in all states, saying every state should have a juvenile court and probation system. Laws regulating child labor, providing for medical inspection of factories and schools and further legislation providing educational opportunities were declared necessary.

Tells of Philadelphia Work.

Mrs. Frederic Schoff, of Philadelphia, president, related the history of the foundation of the child welfare commission in her city. Officials, she said, responded heartily to the efforts of the campaign committee and by their co-operation assured the commission.

LA FOLLETTE IS VICTOR

North Dakota Gives Senator Lead of About 15,000 Votes.

Fargo, N. D., March 20.—Senator La Follette yesterday carried the presidential preferential primaries in North Dakota over Theodore Roosevelt and President Taft.

Leaders of the La Follette movement sent a telegram to Senator La Follette aboard a train on his way from North Dakota to Washington, stating that he had won the preference primaries by from 15,000 to 20,000 votes.

President Taft did not figure prominently in the contest.

A combination of La Follette die-in-the-last-ditch enthusiasts, Democrats and Taft Republicans, are responsible for the results of the election. It was planned for its supposed effect on the Roosevelt movement. Taft newspapers are today making the most of the news, claiming it shows that Roosevelt, when given a primary in territory admittedly anti-Taft, could not prevail. For a week or more the scheme of coalition in North Dakota has been known to the Roosevelt managers.

Democrats at Work.

The Democrats in the meantime refrained from voting for Presidential preferences in their own party in order that they might use their votes against Roosevelt. Democratic leaders admit this. For obvious reasons they do not want Roos

TRIAL OF PACKERS COVERED FOUR MONTHS; COST $600,000

Verdict Tuesday Ends Long and Hard Fought Legal Battle Which Began Years Ago—Government Introduced 49 Witnesses.

Chicago, March 26.—The trial of the ten Chicago packers on charges of conspiracy in maintaining a combination in restraint of trade in violation of the criminal provisions of the Sherman anti-trust law is the closing chapter of a long legal battle waged by the government against the big packers.

The ten defendants are:

J. Ogden Armour, president Armour & Co.

Arthur Meeker, director and general manager Armour & Co.

Thomas J. Connors, director and general superintendent Armour & Co.

Louis F. Swift, president Swift & Co.

Edward F. Swift, vice president Swift & Co.

Charles H. Swift, director Swift & Co.

Francis A. Fowler, manager beef department Swift & Co.

Edward Morris, president Morris & Co.

Louis H. Heyman, manager beef department Morris & Co.

Edward Tilden, president National Packing Co.

The government contended:

That prior to 1902 prices were fixed, shipments regulated and territory divided by the old beef pool, which met every Tuesday afternoon.

That after the old beef pool dissolved in 1902 the packers held secret meetings at each others' homes.

That the National Packing Co. since its organization in 1903, has been used as the "clearing house" for the alleged combination.

That the packers adopted a test cost and margin system which was the in the purchase of cattle and the sale of fresh meat.

That the allowances made for by-products in figuring the test cost were inadequate and the "cost" used by the packers was fictitious and higher than the actual cost.

That the representatives of the different companies in New York, Boston and other eastern cities exchanged information in regard to prices and shipments and telegraphed the figures to their superiors in Chicago.

That the violation of the Sherman law by the packers has been continuous and practically uninterrupted since 1898.

Trial Covers Four Months.

The trial was one of the longest criminal trials in the history of the federal courts. It began December 6, 1911, and the jury was sworn in December 19. The first witness was called by the government December 26. The government put 49 witnesses on the stand and introduced 1,488 documents in evidence. The record of the case contains 5,000,000 words.

It is estimated that the trial cost the packers $500,000 and the government about $100,000.

The first witness called by the government was Albert H. Veeder, the dean of counsel for the packers and personal legal advisor of the late Gustavus F. Swift, founder of Swift & Co. He gave a graphic description of the old packers' pool which met every Tuesday afternoon prior to 1902 and gave the details of the method by which the fresh meat business of the country was controlled. He declared that no attempt was made to fix prices and divide territory after the old packers' pool was dissolved in 1902. He also told of the attempt of the Armour, Swift and Morris interests to combine the packing industry into a $1,000,000,000 corporation and how the plan was dropped because of the inability of its promoters to finance it.

Nearly every witness called by the government in the trial was either an employe or a former employe of one of the corporations controlled by the defendants.

The defense cross-examined every witness at length and in this way got much of its side of the case before the jury.

The jury which heard the case was composed of the following:

J. E. Harvey, 50 years old, grocer, Wilton Center, Ill.

Edward J. Ryon, 45 years old, carpenter foreman, Streator, Ill.

Asa Bannister, 55 years old, farmer, Naperville, Ill.

H. I. Bucklin, 40 years old, farmer, Dundee, Ill.

Burton H. Meyers, 45 years old, liveryman, Naperville, Ill.

William J. Thomas, 45 years old, grocery clerk, Ottawa, Ill.

C. H. Nare, 58 years old, drug salesman, Chicago.

Howard O. Bates, 43 years old, tailor, Chicago.

J. H. Edwards, 28 years old, employed by a telephone company as an inspector, Streator, Ill.

Jacob Gleim, 46 years old, baker, Wheatland, Ill.

Adam Clow, 53 years old, retired farmer, Wheatland, Ill.

Thomas A. Scott, 64 years old, millwright, Chicago.

History of Packers' Case by the Dates

A chronological history of the government's investigation and prosecution of the men alleged to control the fresh meat industry of the country is as follows:

July 1, 1903—Injunction issued by Judge Grosscup restraining the packers from entering into a combination.

Feb. 20, 1905—Investigation of alleged combination begun.

July 1, 1905—Sixteen packers and four corporations indicted.

Dec. 31, 1905—Cases called for trial.

March 21, 1906—Judge Humphreys renders the "immune bath" decision, freeing the indicted packers.

Dec. 20, 1908—Investigation taken up by federal grand jury, but soon discontinued without indictments being returned.

Dec. 15, 1909—Investigation resumed by the federal grand jury.

March 21, 1910—Indictments returned against the national packing company and ten subsidiary concerns and bill in equity filed asking that the National Packing Co. be dissolved.

June 24, 1910—Indictments against the National Packing Co. quashed by Judge Landis and a special grand jury called to renew the investigation.

July 14, 1910—Special grand jury impanelled and inquiry begun.

Aug. 11, 1910—Thomas G. Lee, manager of the dressed beef sales department of Armour & Co., indicted for perjury and Alfred R. Urion, chief counsel for the company, and three employes charged with destroying stenographers' notebooks containing important information desired by the government.

Aug. 15, 1910—Attorney Urion discharged with a reprimand and the other respondents held for further hearing.

Sept. 12, 1910—Indictments returned charging ten packers with conspiracy in maintaining a combination in restraint of trade.

Dec. 6, 1911—Trial of the ten packers begun before Judge Carpenter.

March 26, 1912—Packers acquitted.

HILLSVILLE UNDERTAKER FAILS TO GET RICH

Hillsville, Va., March 26.—Notwithstanding the abnormal death list recently, W. J. Ayers, the undertaker here, has gone into the hands of a receiver. He owns also a furniture shop, grocery store and town paper, but says business in all has been poor.

14K GOLD FINISHED ENGRAVED BRACELET 20c

This beautiful Bracelet, our latest style, hand engraved with YOUR OWN INITIALS, made to open and close to fit any arm; is an exact imitation of $5.00 Bracelets. All the "rage" at present and just the kind any lady would wish to have. To introduce our "BULLETIN" showing advance fashions in Jewelry Novelties, we have reduced the price. Send only 20 cents (coin or stamps) to cover all expense and receive your bracelet by return mail.

Collett & Co., 39 Maiden Lane, N. Y., Dept. 24.

$1.50 House Dress for $1

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STRAW VOTE VS. STEAM ROLLER SENTIMENT IN THE U. S.

COUNTESS OF WARWICK SAILS HOME; GIVES UP TOUR HERE

New York, March 25.—Heavily veiled, the Countess of Warwick, who came here a few weeks ago on board the Mauretania intent on a lecture tour, walked up the gangplank of the steamship Olympic, of the White Star line, and went immediately to her stateroom. The officials of the line made some mystery of the fact that the countess had apparently cut short her tour and was returning to England. She denied herself to all reporters, but sent out this message:

"Am called back to England by urgent business. Hope to return to the states soon."

That was all that could be learned from the countess. She had appeared on the lecture platform during her brief sojourn here, and her friends naturally expected that she would extend her activities in this direction as she originally intended, according to an announcement made at the time of her arrival.

It is said that the audiences that greeted the countess in this country, though not always as large as might have been expected, showed much interest in what she had to say.

JAP ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION BACK; DIDN'T SEE SCOTT

Wellington, N. Z., March 23.—The Japanese Antarctic expedition returned here today. They report having seen nothing of the British polar expedition of Captain Robert F. Scott.

The Japanese reported all on board the Kainan Maru well. They were engaged chiefly in coastal exploring on King Edward Land.

Lieut. Shiraz, the head of the Japanese Antarctic explorers, sailed from Sydney, Nov. 19 of last year, on board the schooner Kainan Maru. It was the second attempt of the Japanese to reach the South Pole. The first expedition got as far as 74 degrees south, but was forced to return on account of stormy weather and ice packs, the Kainan Maru proving unfit to resist the ice pressure. The schooner was repaired and her equipment improved before the second start was made.

HILLSVILLE COURT OPENS; ALLEN INDICTMENTS REDRAWN

Hillsville, Va., March 26.—The reconstructed Carroll county court convened here today with Judge Walter R. Staples presiding and 100 people crowded in the little court room. They gazed in awe at the score of bullet holes in the white walls and shuddered at the bloodstained floors, reminders of the tragedy of March 14, when five were killed and two wounded.

Attorneys for the Allens declared today they would prove that five shots were fired before Floyd Allen drew his revolver. The presumption is that they will endeavor to shift the beginning of the firing to apprehensive court officials.

Today's court proceedings were confined to the drawing of new and more complete indictments.

Motions by attorneys for Floyd and Victor Allen and Bird Marion, now in Roanoke jail to have the civil attachments levied on their property dismissed, were overruled. "The temporary interest of the families of the prisoners," Judge Staples said, "need not be conserved at the expense of the permanent interest of the widows and orphans of the victims of this tragedy."

Judge Staples, however, granted to the hitherto wealthy families of the prisoners the "poor exemption" which includes only the bare necessities of life and one hog and cow.

THE BASIS OF SUIT AGAINST THE PACKERS

Chicago, March 26.—Following is the portion of the statute—the Sherman anti-trust law—which furnished the basis of the suit of government against the packers:

"Every contract, combination in form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce in any territory of the United States or the District of Columbia, or in restraint of trade or comemrce between any such territory or territories and any state or states and the District of Columbia, or with foreign nations, or between the District of Columbia and any state or states or foreign nations is hereby declared illegal.

"Every person who shall make any such contract or engage in any such combination or conspiracy shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $5,000 or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court."

BLAST BURIES EIGHTY MINERS

Welch, W. Va., March 26.—An explosion in the mine of the Jed Coal & Coke Co., at Jed, six miles south of here, today imprisoned 79 men, of whom up to noon 10 had been taken out alive and 1 dead. Rescuing parties are making frantic efforts to reach the other miners, and there are high hopes that, with a few exceptions, the remaining 68 may be recovered alive. The cause of the explosion is not yet known.

Two mine rescue cars have been ordered to Jed by the bureau of mines, the first being due shortly after 2 o'clock from St. Paul, Va. The state mine inspector already is on the scene.

GOVERNOR OCCUPIES A CELL

Arizona Executive Spends Night With Convict for Experience.

Phoenix, Ariz., March 26.—Gov. Hunt, of Arizona, occupied cell No. 24, Saturday night, in the state pen at Florence, with Frank Howard, who is serving the last ten months of a three-years' sentence for burglary.

Sunday morning the governor fell into line with the convicts and marched to the dining room, where he partook of the regular prison breakfast, consisting of bread, beans, mush and black coffee.

On his return to Phoenix yesterday, Gov. Hunt said he believed all governors should be required to pass one night in prison, just as the Chinese emperors were required to turn one furrow of earth before ascending the throne.

STEAMERS BATTLE WITH ICE

Chicago, March 26.—Three steamers which were caught in the ice off Evanston last night were reported six miles out in the lake today, battling with the floes in an attempt to reach Chicago.

An unbroken stretch of ice separated the vessels from port and there seemed no hope of reaching the city before evening unless the wind should shift. Fears for the safety of the 150 persons aboard, however, were allayed by wireless messages.

MADERO WINS; DISRUPTS THE REBEL TROOPS

Mexico City, March 26.—The federal artillery has created havoc among the revolutionaries at Jiminez, according to reports reaching President Madero today from El Paso.

Early today the following statement was issued from the President's office:

"Persons arriving from Jiminez and deserters from the rebels say that the federal troops caused great destruction with their artillery and that the rebels concentrated at Jiminez are greatly demoralized.

Rebels' Loss Is 1,000.

"It is calculated that a loss of more than 1,000 dead and wounded was inflicted upon the enemy, and according to reports great fear reigns among General Pascual Orozco's men.

"General Antonio Rojas' followers are at the point of mutiny and are attacking the prison where Rojas is confined by General Orozco."

Antonio Rojas was one of the original revolutionaries. He was arrested by the latter on account of jealousy.

Loyal General a Suicide.

This news came on the heels of a dispatch telling of the suicide of the federal commander, Gen. Gonzales Salas, who fired a bullet into his brain while leading a portion of his army in retreat toward Torreon.

"The government troops have scored a decisive victory," declared President Madero. "It has been a hard won victory, but it means the breakage of the rebel power. For the rash act of Gen. Salas, we have only regret. It was not necessary."

The dispatch upon which the president based his assertion declared that after the troops directly under the command of Salas were thrown into confusion when the rebels sent a dynamite-laden locomotive into a troop train, Gen. Trucy Aubert executed a flank movement and Gen. Tellez came upon the rebels in pursuit of Salas from the rear. Aubert opened fire and Tellez came to his assistance with artillery, turning what was first reported a federal defeat into a government victory.

A concern in Buenos Aires, Argentina, is about to install machinery to be used in a factory producing fertilizing materials. It is proposed to utilize grasshoppers and their eggs, thus converting a destroyer of the crop into fertilizing material.

FROM ROOSEVELT'S SPEECH

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S speech makes an array of striking points on the vital issues of the campaign. It is a categoric denial of President Taft's construction on some of the important policies advanced by Roosevelt and makes a sharply joined issue on many of the governmental propositions advocated by the President. The conspicuous subjects on which the two candidates differ and the character of the difference will be found in the following analysis of Roosevelt's speech:

RECALL OF JUDGES—Our trouble lies not with corruption on the bench, but with the effort of honest, but wrong-headed judges to thwart the people. In such instances I advocate recall.

DIRECT PRIMARIES—The progressives offer this check on special interests, give the voters means by which the party leader shall be made to obey and help break up the corrupt partnership of corporations and politicians.

INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM—If the legislatures obey the command of some special interest and refuse the will of the majority, the majority may step in and legislate directly.

RULE OF THE PEOPLE—I believe the people fit to govern. My opponents do not. I believe the majority of plain people make fewer mistakes than any similar class or body of men.

RULE OF THE CLASSES—Mr. Taft says "every class" should have a "voice." Some classes have too much "voice." Mr. Taft defines the issue when he says our government is and should be a government of all the people by a few of the people. This is an excellent and modern definition of an oligarchy.

TYRANNY OF MINORITIES—Whenever there is a tyranny of the majority, I shall protest. We are suffering from tyranny of minorities. No sane man will complain we have had too much rule of the majority.

CONSTITUTIONAL GUARANTEES—Mr. Taft speaks of "feverish uncertainty" and "unstable laws by changing majorities;" he speaks of the "voice of the people as coming next to the voice of God." Apparently, then, the decision of the people about the Presidency is "voice next to God's," but the two years of sober thought to provide protective laws is "feverish" and "unstable."

FREE GOVERNMENT—I stand on my Columbus speech. The principles I stated there I believe are necessary to free democratic government.

JUDICIAL NULLIFICATION—My remedy is the use of governmental powers to redress evils. Judicial nullification was stated by the court of appeals in New York when it was declared the people are less free to correct evils than are the people of monarchies of Europe.

PROPERTY AND LIBERTY—When the state limits the hours of work for women it is told by courts the law deprives them of "liberty;" when it restricts manufacture of tobacco in a tenement, it is told the landlord is deprived of "property." There is no act of government which cannot be brought within their definition and if the courts cease to treat them as words having a specific meaning then our whole government is brought under irresponsible supervision of judges. I protest.

POPULAR TIDE TO ROOSEVELT BEGINS

Indiana and Mississippi Results Give Taft Managers an Unpleasant Surprise.

By J. A. Mathews.

Washington, March 25.—The popular tide running to Roosevelt has set in. The Taft managers are surprised, not to say bewildered. The result in the Indiana primaries Saturday was little short of astounding.

The President's friends had been advised by Republican leaders in Indiana that he would carry every congressional district. Today his friends concede that Colonel Roosevelt will have at least 14 of the delegates, or a majority of the congressional districts. The Taft people claim the four delegates-at-large.

Machine Running Well.

Undoubtedly the President's friends had the best organization of purely machine politicians that Indiana has seen at work in her political career in many years. Harry S. New, who for years has been at cross purposes with the Fairbanks-Hemenway-Kealing machine, buried past differences and went to work for the President alongside his ancient enemy. Representative Crumpacker, who for years has struggled against the old Republican state machine to maintain himself politically, joined with his whilom enemies in the interest of Taft. As Ex-Senator Billy Mason once observed of McKinley's popularity: "There was nobody for Roosevelt in Indiana but the people."

Mississippi for Roosevelt.

Next to Indiana, the greatest surprise the Taft people have had was in Mississippi. That state suddenly, and with unusual enthusiasm, swung into the Roosevelt column at the primaries Saturday. This result is particularly significant as tending to show the revolution that is going on in the south within the Republican party against the high-handed methods of the federal machine. In Mississippi the revolt was lead by negro Republicans of respectability, aided by white Republicans who are tired of the activities of federal officeholders.

President Taft's column of alleged "Instructed Delegates" up to this time has been made up by the machinations of postmasters, federal marshals, internal revenue collectors and their deputies. These men meet in a convention of their own calling, bar the doors to the rank of file of the southern Republicans and proceed to elect themselves delegates.

There is evidence that southern Republicans are tired of this "ready-made" politics. When Colonel Cecil Lyon, of Texas, and Pearl Wight, of Louisiana, national committeemen of their respective states, broke away from President Taft's organization in the south it meant something.

It meant more than Louisiana and Texas. It was the beginning of the disintegration of the federal Taft machine in the southern states. Mississippi has spoken. North Carolina will speak with even greater emphasis for Roosevelt, and there are likely to be surprises throughout the southern states.

In West Virginia.

In West Virginia, the first of the county conventions to select delegates to the state convention was in Roane county. Ex-Congressman Woodyard, who lives in that county, led the fight for Taft. He has been coming to Washington every few days recently to make reports and to receive instructions and aid from the President and from the Taft managers. In Mr. Woodyard's home city, Spencer, county seat of Roane county, Taft received but six votes.

This speaks for itself. The county of Roane elected a solid Roosevelt delegation. This first convention in West Virginia is declared to be simply indicative of what will follow. It proves that Governor Glasscock knew what he was saying when he declared that the sentiment for Roosevelt in West Virginia, among the rank and file of the Republicans, was simply overwhelming.

Indiana Roosevelt Men Pick Four Delegates to Contest Regulars.

Indianapolis, March 26.—The Indiana Republican convention today adopted a resolution instructing the state's four delegates-at-large to the national convention to vote for the renomination of President Taft. National Committeeman Harry S. New, former Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks, James E. Watson and Joseph D. Oliver were elected delegates.

The Taft faction had a majority of 105 over the supporters of Colonel Roosevelt.

The Roosevelt delegates held a separate convention in the rear of the hall upon the adjournment of the regular convention and elected as delegates-at-large former Senator A. J. Beveridge, Fred Tandif, Edwin M. Lee and Charles H. Campbell.

Oust Contesting Delegates.

Early in the day, by a vote of 772 to 667 the Indiana Republican convention for the election of the four delegates-at-large tabled the minority report of the credentials committee seating contesting Roosevelt delegates.

A storm of shouts of "Taft" and "Teddy" broke when State Senator William R. Wood, of Lafeyette, who called the convention to order, declared, "He did not believe the people of this country will condemn their just President, William Howard Taft."

Stand on Chairs and Yell.

Supporters of the President and Col. Roosevelt on the crowded floor and in the galleries, bubbling over with enthusiasm, stood upon their chairs and yelled for their favorites.

Mr. Wood was permitted to say only a few words when his voice was drowned by shouts of "Roosevelt" and "Keep still, Wood." Mr. Wood is a leader of the Taft faction.

Horace Stilwell, of Anderson, a Roosevelt man, took the chair and pleaded for a hearing for Mr. Wood as temporary chairman.

"Nothin' doin', Bill," called a strong voice from the rear of the hall and a few words of the remainder of Mr. Wood's speech laudatory of President Taft's administration floated out over the tempest of conflicting yells of "Teddy" and "Taft."

"Not a Mob."

Derisive calls of "Harmony!" greeted John B. Cockrum when he rose to read the majority report of the committee on credentials.

"This is not a mob," he retorted. "I will read this report if I stay here till August."

The report recommended seating 172 Taft delegates whose seats were contested by Roosevelt men.

A miniority report was presented condemning all the finding of the majority and approving the claims of the Roosevelt delegates to seats. The report charged the Taft organization in this county with fraud.

Resolutions Hit I. R.

Instructions of the four delegates-at-large to vote for President Taft is coupled with an attack on political policies approved by Col. Roosevelt in the majority report of the committee on resolutions.

"The initiative, referendum and recall," says the majority report, "would weaken and destroy the strength and perpetuity of our sytsem of representative government with the executive, legislative and judicial discharging their respective duties and forming a harmonious and staple government of laws administered by wise, just and experienced men; and we look with serious alarm upon any proposition to undermine the status of courts so that if under their oath they make decisions not in acocrd with the majority for the moment, they can be recalled from the bench and their judgments reversed by special elections for such purposes."

"The unbroken custom of limiting the presidential tenure to a period of two terms," is held to have the "potency of constitutional limitation."

President Taft's administration is praised and it is maintained he is entitled to renomination.

NO CANALS EXIST ON MARS

Italian Astronomer Claims They Are But Optical Illusions.

The more assiduosuly astronomers scan the surface of Mars the more widely their opinions seem to differ as regards the so-called canals. Particulars of the recent investigations by Prof. Jerry-Desloges at the Setif Plateau observatory in Algiers, where the sky is almost invariably clear, were given not long ago.

This astronomer has now supplemented these observations by an account of further extensive changes he has noted on Mars' south polar cap, the islands of Ausonia and Hesperia on the southern hemisphere and on the Syrtis Major, Nepenthes and Nilosyrtis, supposed to be a long cornucopia shaped sea extending northward from the equator.

The French astronomers in charge of the five Mars observatories, those of Paris, the Massegros, the Plateau des Revards, Toury and Meudon, have had fewer opportunities to clear observation, but their reports for November give additional data. Prof. Antoniadi of Meudon, whose refractor magnifies 810 times, and who in 1909 announced that the whole canal system of Mars seemed to him to be remarkably constant. He found the island of Libya "almost dissolved," the Lacus Moeris, as in 1909 notably extended, the Nix Atlantica wide and whitish; the Nilosyrtis wide and very dark, and the Mare Tyrrhenum and Ausonia hidden by a kind of black fog. The island of Novissima Thule, on the other hand, he found covered with a brilliant white cloud mass.

Prof. Cerulli, director of the Italian Observatory of Teramo, maintains his old opinion that the Mars canals are mere optical illusions, and he even applies that opinion to the photographs that have been taken of the planet.

"It is misleading to talk about 'photographs' of 'canals' on Mars," he says. "The bare truth is that the details on the planet's surface as shown by the photographs, like the visual image obtained by the observer through the telescope, render it possible to make a system of lines out of certain markings. That is all, and there is no proof that these markings are canals at all."

Prof. Jarry-Desloges has recently initiated a proposal to form an international society for the study of Mars which he expects would clear up many of the difficult and doubtful points made by the individual observers.

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Over 90 persons partook at Gorleston of a sea pie into the making of which there entered two stone of flour, six rabbits, six ox and sheep kidneys, 28 pounds of beefsteak, two stone of green vegetables, half a stone of onions and two stone of turnips and carrots. The total weight of the pie was over two hundrsd pounds, and it took it two days to cook.

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PRICES GO UP AS PACKERS WIN

Chicago, March 26.—After the announcement of the verdict in the packers' trial, provisions advanced all around. The rise was 15 cents for pork and bacon and 7½ to 10 cents for lard.

The addition to the cost of packing house products was attributed on change to active covering by shorts and to sympathy with a bulge in the price of corn.

ROOSEVELT OFF FOR WEST

Nw York, March 26.—The itinerary for Colonel Roosevelt's campaign trip through the central west this week is completed. It includes a visit to Detroit, in addition to the points named in the first announcement of the trip.

Colonel Roosevelt will leave New York today at 5:04 p. m. over the Pennsylvania railroad. The train stops for ten minutes at Fort Wayne, Ind., at 10:10 a. m. Wednesday, and reaches Chicago at 3 p. m.

CHINESE REBELS WIN FIGHT

St. Petersburg, March 26.—A dispatch from Kulja, Chinese Turkestan, reports a battle between government troops from Urumptsi and revolutionary forces near Shik-Ho. The revolutionaries were victorious and are now advancing on Shik-Ho. The government troops, according to the dispatch, lost 1,500 killed, 80 prisoners and three guns. The rebels lost 200 killed.